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THE FUTURE.

BY P. M.

A border-land of hopes and dreams
And mists as fathomless as night;
A world of suns, whose radiant beams
O'erwhelm the present light.

A rosy dawn that never wakes,
For with to-morrow comes to-day,
Whose morrow still a morrow makes,
Unsearchable for aye!

A name that is for e'er a name
To those who seek to win and wear;
A bright and beauteous oriflamme
Of all that is most fair.

A golden hope that shall not fail
To lift us from the common dust;
For, seeing not behind the veil,
We still look up and trust.

So we may trust—for all the past
Was once a future, lightly trod—
And trusting, reach the goal at last—
Our Heaven and our God!

IN THE SPIRIT.

BY S. U. W.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

SOME time elapsed before I found leisure to pay my projected visit to Sherriton. I managed to do so, however, at the end of a fortnight, and duly presented Miss Reapham's letter to that lady's lawyer, Mr. Robert Brown. He was a well-to-do country practitioner, who kept hunters and maintained a somewhat precarious footing on the edge of the great world of county society, in right of his wife, who was rather well connected. This gentleman carefully adjusted his reception of me, which was brusque, to my credentials, which were evidently not impressive to him. His very walk, however, was calculated to inspire confidence, for as, with measured step and slow, he preceded me to his sanctum, he appeared anxious to leave a proof impression of each foot at every step, so carefully considered were his proceedings.

After some ceremony the title deeds of the Hermitage with the assistance of a clerk were produced, and, following the lawyer's rather fat forefinger over the page my eye soon verified the style and title of the "Countess of Pomeroy."

This, however, was by no means the extent of the information I desired. I could doubtless have obtained as much from my old enemy, the house agent; but confronted by the ungenial manner of the man of law, I scarcely knew how to proceed.

Taking the bull by the horns, however, I ventured to remark that I wished Miss Reapham should not be made to incur any expense on account of the trouble to which I was now putting Mr. Brown, but that if he would kindly take my name and address, since I had carelessly omitted to provide myself with a visiting card, I should be happy to defray all charges connected with this interview. The lawyer thawed visibly and referred to Miss Reapham's letter.

"Goodness gracious," he suddenly exclaimed, melting entirely as he managed to decipher the name of the not altogether unknown journalist introduced by Miss Reapham, "that poor woman does write such a hand! I had no idea! Permit me to shake hands and apologise for my obtuseness. Pray consider me quite at your service."

Of course I permitted him, though with not much responsive warmth, feeling rather disgusted at the line he had taken in his treatment of Miss Reapham's representative.

It would not do, however, to lose the chance now offered; so pocketing my pique, I was soon in possession of all the lawyer had to tell. Little enough, to be sure, but sufficient for guidance.

The Countess Pomeroy had been, the lawyer declared, undeniably eccentric, and had, by her absurd pranks, given rise to much vulgar gossip.

"She surrounded herself," proceeded Mr. Brown, "with people who professed to believe in mesmerism and clairvoyance, and latterly constantly held spiritualistic seances at the Hermitage. She herself claimed to be a clairvoyante and medium of the first order, and I myself, in the drawing room of the Hermitage, have witnessed some of her marvellous successes in thought-reading. Report also declared that on more than one occasion she had been for hours in the mesmeric trance. I cannot, however, vouch for the truth of this, though it was currently believed in the 'ost circles. And really, my dear sir, if I had been of a credulous or superstitious turn," continued Mr. Brown, taking a high tone miles above any possible weakness of the kind, "when I heard of the extraordinary events said to have occurred at the Hermitage during the past two or three years, I could not have avoided speculating as to whether the diableries of the Countess was not responsible for the strange manifestations reported as taking place there."

"Well, sir," said I, rather nettled at the other's sceptical tone, "you will admit that I was an eye—or rather, an ear witness of these strange manifestations, as you call them."

"I cannot, however, at present see what the diableries or eccentricities of the Countess of Pomeroy have to do with the poor young girl, who I fear was foully made away with, though it I find from the superintendent of the home at Kensington, as I believe will be the case, that the Countess of Pomeroy was the 'lady of rank' who befriended Winnifred, I shall consider it a most strange coincidence—it may be more than a coincidence. I shall, at any rate, leave no stone unturned to find the missing links, if any exist."

"You may not have far to seek for the connecting data," rejoined the lawyer deliberately. "What would you say if you were told that more than one person in Sherriton believed that poor girl to have been the natural child of the Countess' half-imbecile son?"

I started to my feet. "What possible reason could you and they have for such a surmise?" I demanded. "And what is this you tell me about a son?"

"I will reply to your last question first," answered Mr. Brown. "It is within all the world's knowledge that the Countess had a son (not the heir, of course), dissipated, cataleptic, and a confirmed dipsomaniac at thirty. But in his lucid periods an out-and-out poet. You as a literary man must be acquainted with the poems of——" naming a pseudonym which had appeared splendid and transient as a meteor in the literary firmament of the city.

"Well enough acquainted with the one volume of poems you refer to, but until this moment totally unaware of the identity of the poet," I said. "But what are your reasons for connecting Miss Reapham's young servant with this aristocratic family?"

"Well, in the first place," replied Brown, "when the disappearance of the girl excited so much interest, many people, myself among the number, brought to mind what had often been observed without comment before, that the young servant was the living image of the old Countess, and by consequence of her son, who had strikingly resembled his mother—the same golden hair, glorious bine eyes and exquisite complexion, and a bearing we are apt to consider to belong only to those born in the purple. The girl herself, humble handmaid though she was, used to attract the notice of all her mistress' visitors by her graceful, even distinguished manner and carriage."

"How could Miss Reapham have had the heart, to say nothing of the stupidity, to condemn such a girl to a life of servitude and menial dependence?" said I impulsively.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "When the girl's own flesh and blood could condemn her, as did, I firmly believe the Countess of Pomeroy, to the life of an Industrial Refuge, you could hardly expect a stranger to be more fastidious," said Mr. Brown dryly. "Besides, Miss Reapham, even if capable of appreciating her protegee's finer points, and with the best will in the world to have brought her up as a lady, could not afford to do so, and was compelled from prudential motives to make the most of her bargain.

"But," I asked, "what became of this son of the Countess? He must have borne a title."

"Truly," returned the solicitor. "He some years ago under miserable circumstances, having been placed under the charge of a keeper for some time previous to his death.

"The Countess herself informed me that her son had recommended a little girl to her care, as the child of a woman whom he had wronged, but inasmuch as there was not the minutest evidence of its legitimacy, she declined to treat it as other than base-born. Therefore, if you elect to go on with your inquiries, Mr. Elmore, you will not succeed in establishing any claim for the girl, even if she be living, which I doubt."

As I had not taken Mr. Brown into my confidence with regard to my theory as to the cause of the phenomena at the Hermitage, but had allowed him to suppose I was simply actuated by a desire to ascertain beyond a doubt what had been the fate of Winnifred, I did not attempt to disabuse his mind of the very natural suspicion he entertained, but thanking him heartily for the trouble he had taken, I took my leave, more firmly resolved than ever to trace, if possible, the girl's connection with the hot-blooded, mad-brained race of Pomeroy.

The superintendent of the house at Kensington, to whom I soon after applied, left me in no manner of doubt as to the identity of her late charge with the child of the unfortunate Lord Ernest Biron.

The Countess of Pomeroy had, with her usual expansiveness, entrusted the superintendent with the whole history, together with her reasons for repudiating any responsibility after the child should have attained the age of sixteen. Her directions for the treatment of her son's child were concise and to the point.

"She comes of a thoroughly bad stock," said the Countess, "on both sides. You can never 'train' the taint out of her blood. Do the best you can with her by frugal living, restraint, and hard work, and never let me see or hear anything more of her in the future. I wash my hands of her entirely."

Fate had proved kinder than the Countess, for a time that is to say, and poor Winnifred, guarded and guided by beneficent influences, had spent some peaceful years at least.

A warm feeling of compassion for Winnifred now supplemented the philosophical instinct which prompted me to probe this matter to the bottom. With what success shall be told in another chapter.

* * * * * *

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" sighed the sorely perplexed Prince of Denmark, and like him I groaned in spirit over the seemingly impenetrable veil which enshrouded the mystery of the Hermitage.

For weeks I came upon no clue or suggestion, and yet the solution, marvelous as it was and in itself unexplainable at the present stage of "slowly creeping science," was preparing, the dry bones stirring, within a mile of my daily habitat; nay, I could have laid my hand upon it any time within the few weeks my tenancy of the Hermitage had still to run.

But one week remained during which I had the house at my disposal, and on the Wednesday of that week my friend, Professor Henley, anxious to witness in his own proper person the phenomena at Sherriton, proposed to accompany me thither and pass a night at the Hermitage.

I acquiesced, but found myself, owing to a sudden and strenuous call for more "copy" unable to keep my engagement with the professor, who, however, elected to make it his "experiment in natural science," as he chose to consider it, alone, rather than lose the opportunity which was offered.

Warning my friend to occupy no other room than the first one in the wing at the Hermitage, I despatched instructions to the caretaker, and then endeavored to dismiss the subject from my mind.

I was returning from my office via Piccadilly on my way home to Kensington a few minutes before midnight, with my mind irresistibly drawn to the scene which was probably about to be enacted at Sherriton.

On entering Piccadilly I encountered the usual female contingent of the Rescue Army on their nightly crusade against the world, the flesh and the devil. I was too well acquainted with the value of the work nightly performed amidst hideous surroundings by these indefatigable women—of the depth to which they reached, depths un lumbed by any other existing organization (on the same scale, at least)—to entertain any feelings but those of respect for them.

As I stood aside to allow the little band to pass, the hour of midnight was struck from a hundred towers, and at the same moment a tall girl, straight as a poplar, clad in a hideous bonnet, but otherwise becoming garb of the "Army," swayed as she passed me, and fell to the ground in a heap before assistance could reach her.

The cry among the women immediately arose for Captain Maybank, and I naturally expected to be relieved of my now perfectly rigid burden by a red-breasted, gold-banded male officer of the contingent.

But to my surprise a frail-looking, dark-eyed woman, evidently a lady, answered to the summons, and was assailed on all sides by the information given in impressive whispers, that the Sister had had another seizure, and was in one of her epileptic fits again.

The Captain advanced with decision, and promptly proceeded, while I raised the helpless and immobile figure, to transfer the girl's head to her own shoulder, hastily covering the face with a handkerchief.

As she did so the unsightly head-gear fell back, and I caught a momentary glimpse of a golden head and widely-opened blue eyes, glaring wildly from a face of deathly pallor.

I felt stunned—my very heart stood still, and I could hardly manage to articulate, "Is she subject to these attacks, madam

"Ah, yes, indeed, poor girl," replied the Captain. "They have been rather frequent of late, after nearly a year's complete cessation. I fear her strength will not bear the recurrence of many more such."

By this time a crowd of some of the worst and more depraved characters in the city had collected around us, but an orderly, sympathetic crowd on the whole; only two or three men giving utterance to ribald remarks, and but one woman, I noticed, who not only openly jeered at, but absolutely spat upon, all and sundry of the spiritual Amazons who happened to come within range, for she was too helplessly intoxicated to be actively obscene.

The majority of the poor haggard and ruined creatures appeared anxious to give assistance to the kindly blue bonnets, and it was noticeable that the police, observing that the R. A. contingent formed the nucleus of the knot of outcasts, did not think it necessary to interfere beyond giving help by procuring an ambulance from the nearest station.

This was quite needed, as, though the climax of the fit was past after twenty minutes' duration and the danger over, the poor girl was completely exhausted and would sleep, Captain Maybank informed me, for the next twelve hours, awaking at the end of that time wholly unconscious of what had happened, but depressed beyond belief for days afterwards.

The last particulars were imparted to me by the Captain as we followed the ambulance to the nearest R. A. refuge, and on giving her my card, entreating to be allowed to call and inquire for the patient later on in the morning, Captain Maybank gave me rendezvous at the headquarters in Queen Street.

The reader will not require to be told that I was strongly impressed with the idea that I had found Winnifred, and that the mystery of Sherriton Hermitage was about to be solved by the exhibition of phenomena almost as incomprehensible, though not in the light of science, altogether unthinkable by us who march in the foremost files of time.

So eager was I to hear the history of the sister, as I had heard her called by the crowd, that without waiting for Professor Henley's report, I hurried to Queen Street, and on sending in my name was at once introduced to Captain Maybank's presence.

That officer struck me as looking slighter and frailer and fuller of energy in the daylight than when arrayed in her long cloak, as I had seen her the night before; but the dark eyes glowed with a steady fire, which was full of influence, though it lost some of its power for me by reason of the cant of the Army into which the Captain unconsciously fell in describing, somewhat reluctantly, the circumstances of her first meeting with Lieutenant Audley, as she was called, from the street, I was told, where she was first met with.

I shall not inflict upon the reader the peculiar Rescue Army dialect, in which Captain Maybank gave me Lieutenant Audley's history, as far as she knew it, though I have reason to be convinced that that dialect, broad and extravagant as it sometimes is, is eminently well adapted to touch and stir the indurated consciousness of those to whom it is chiefly addressed.

Briefly then, Captain Maybank had been a witness to the arrest, about two years before of the girl who had so aroused my suspicions of her identity with the Winnifred of the Hermitage, for passing a counterfeit coin in a shop in Audley Street.

The girl firmly refused to incriminate her accomplices, and was duly sentenced to a term of imprisonment. The Rescue Army never lost sight of her, however, and on her release received her into its ranks on probation.

The girl justified its kindly charity by working like a horse at the grim task of rescuing others; by living harder than the hard living of the majority of her comrades, and by observing a scrupulous honesty in all dealings, which went far to prove that probity was natural to her.

"But," continued the Captain, with a strong emphasis on the but, "you will be surprised to hear that the girl has lost all memory of her life previous to her association with the band of coiners, whose instrument she was when arrested. She refused at first to reveal the only name she knew herself by, and accepted the one we bestowed upon her without question after her release; but she still obstinately persists in concealing the locality of the coiners' den, though I believe she is aware, perhaps from personal investigation, that the gang is long since broken up and dispersed, for I notice that she no longer watches the newspapers, as at first."

"Can you recall the date when she ceased to watch for news?" I inquired.

"I think," replied the Captain, "it would be about six months since she ceased to show any curiosity about the contents of the daily papers. I am certain that her mind has been more at rest since that time, which leads me to the conclusion that she felt a special interest in, perhaps mortal fear, of some one of the precious band with whom she was so strangely associated. But now, Mr. Elmore," suddenly turning her bright glance in my direction, "am I to receive no confidence in return for my budget, or is the reciprocity to be all on one side?" she added quaintly.

"Give me until to-morrow, my dear lady," I said, "and your confidence shall be reciprocated a hundredfold, as you will acknowledge. But I have to make a few inquiries and then my case will be complete."

"The case is complete already," exclaimed the gallant captain with flashing eyes. "Do you know that you have forgotten to inquire after the health of Winnifred?"

"Winnifred!" I exclaimed, dumbfounded by this use of the girl's name, which had never passed my lips in the captain's hearing. "Have you really identified your officer with Miss Reapham's Winnifred, and how in the name of the marvellous has it come about?"

"We have it from Winnifred's own lips," replied Captain Maybank, quietly. "She awoke after only a few hours' sleep, to speak figuratively, clothed and in her right mind, that is to say, with her lost memory restored, though, of course, having been insensible during the transit, she is unaware of the means by which she was transferred from her quiet, orderly life at Sherriton to be the companion and instrument of a desperate gang of coiners, at whose very idea she still shudders."

"But how was this brought about?" I feebly ejaculated. "Was the shock of last night more powerful than usual? For her memory must have been restored by the same means as those by which she lost it.

"Nay, that I cannot tell," replied the captain. "The girl is quite oblivious of what takes place during her trance, but she is quite clear as to never having heard your name, and is totally at a loss to account for your kind interest in her."

"The only communication I have ever held with Winnifred," said I quietly, "has been in the spirit," and I forthwith related to Captain Maybank the whole story of my connection with the Hermitage at Sherriton down to the night before, which was to witness the experiment of my friend Professor Henley.

The captain clapped her hands excitedly.

"The Professor is the man to solve this last problem! Go—go to him directly, Mr. Elmore, and let us know what miracle has restored this poor girl to herself."

* * * * * *

My invitation to Captain Maybank to accompany me to the house of the professor being declined, I took my leave, and selecting a hansom with a likely horse, was soon face to face with the professor.

That sage (of forty) received me, to my horror, with a burst of laughter. His prolonged "Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!" froze my blood, for I could but conclude that the night's experiences had turned his brain, especially when he roared:

"Nicked him, as neatly as you please; there couldn't have been anything neater."

"But," quavered I remorsefully, "I thought, professor, that you went to Sherriton to exorcise a ghost."

"Ghost be hanged!" said the professor coolly. "I exorcised a burglar, which was much more to the purpose, though if I am not very much mistaken, the ghost was dished as well as the burglar. But listen and you shall know all about the matter."

Surprised, not to say shocked, at this unscientific language, I meekly obeyed, and the professor proceeded.

"The first thing I did on arriving at that precious house of yours was to turn into bed so as to snatch an hour's sleep before the ghost was due, as I expected to get no rest afterwards, and was quite able to trust myself to awake at the nick of time.

"I imagined that the fateful hour had come when I was aroused by the stealthy raising of the window sash. Thought I, that sounds human, at any rate, and quietly waited. I had removed all obstructions in the way of furniture from about the window, so as to give the ghost every chance of making itself manifest, but the opening now was filled by a very fleshly figure indeed, in the act of throwing a very substantial limb over the window sill, and tentatively sitting astride thereon.

"The caretaker had informed me before leaving for the night that my bedroom ceiling had been made weatherproof, and that I should be privileged to sleep without danger of drowning, so I immediately arrived at the conclusion on seeing the burglar, that the workmen, with their accustomed forethought, had left their ladder for the use of the first housebreaker that came along.

"The present incumbent of my window-sill must have made his way through the deserted stable-yard, being probably well acquainted with the topography of the place.

"As I was quietly feeling for the revolver I had placed under my pillow—for though the fellow was distinctly visible to me in the bright moonlight, my bed was so placed that he could not see me—a strong blast of wind swept into the room and reminded me of my object in being there.

"The man's body swayed and rocked convulsively, buffeted by a wind which never blew from land or sea, while he clung with desperate clutch to the sides of the window, and instead of at once entering the room as I expected, he turned his face rigidly in the opposite direction, and appeared to wait like myself for the space of thirty seconds or so, and then the hour of midnight began to strike, and all those gruesome incidents followed, which you have described so dramatically, though with, I have reason to believe, ten-fold force and power, for the man on the window-sill appeared to become completely mad.

"He raved and yelled in answer to the pitiful sighing and moaning of the poor girl's voice, wildly repudiating any intention to hurt her, and appealing to her to exonerate him from having had any hand in destroying her life, and with the final agonized scream in which the voice ejaculates that she is being murdered, the man fell back into the room in strong convulsions.

"I tore down a bell rope, and, though I am a burly fellow myself, I had infinite difficulty in securing the burglar's arms; which accomplished, however, I loosened his neck-wrap, and dashed water over his face, and then I proceeded to knot the towels together and secure his legs to the bed-post. After which I managed to huddle on some clothes, and going to the front of the house signalled for a policeman."

This was a sufficiently marvelous story, and I quite agreed with the professor that he had probably captured the chief of the gang of coiners (on a nightly prowl, seeking whom he might devour) who had kidnapped Winnifred.

I was somewhat disappointed, however, at the coolness with which my friend received my account of Winnifred's seizure and restoration to herself simultaneously with his adventure at the Hermitage.

"Nothing could be clearer," promulgated the professor. "The girl's memory had been paralyzed by a shock, and by a shock—the horror of seeing in her trance, the man who had at least attempted to take her life, and who subsequently constantly threatened to do so unless she carried out his abominable schemes—her memory was restored."

The professor further discoursed learnedly on the generation of odic force, and of brain-waves in certain sensitive organizations, explaining for the behoof of my unscientific understanding that doubtless Winnifred was such a sensitive medium, and that her agonized but ineffectual efforts to penetrate the wall of mystery which shut out all her previous existence, and to free herself from the thraldom of the abandoned wretches who had held her at their mercy, gave her the power of will to project her passionate longings for liberty in the form of cries and entreaties to the only friend she could trust, whenever a human presence occupied the room.

While strong enough to do this, her force was not sufficiently great to adapt the means exactly to the end, but only blindly and clumsily to grope a way out of the darkness.

That it at length accomplished this result is certain, for never after the night of the professor's watch, was the peace of the Hermitage at Sherriton disturbed by ghostly sounds or other unaccountable phenomena.

With some misgivings as to the effect upon her of confronting the villain who had ruined her life, Winnifred, supported and comforted by her good friend Miss Reapham, was brought to Sherriton to give evidence against her tyrant. He was convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for fourteen years.

Miss Reapham, assisted by friends interested in her pitiful case, resumed the occupancy of her house and did well with it as a boarding establishment. Her great desire that Winnifred should return to her was not to be gratified.

"No, dear Miss Reapham," said the girl in reply to her old mistress's entreaties, "I cannot return to you. You never knew what a wicked girl I was—how restless and dissatisfied, how often absent from your house in search of change when you believed me happy and busy at home.

"I have been well punished for my deception, but I am not changed; I still crave for excitement; the quiet of your life here would kill me. I love you and am thankful to you, but I will continue with the Rescue Army if they will have me."

Winnifred was right. The hereditary taint in her blood could never be eradicated. Neither could certain fine qualities also inherent in it. She was not one of the self-saturated young persons who can spend years of their existence occupied solely with their own small perfections and low aims, and the Rescue Army offered ample scope for the energies of such an one as Winnifred.

Placed under the retort of placid domesticity (wanting the love that is self-sustaining), Winnifred's vitality would have been gradually exhausted out of her; but in the wider atmosphere of the world, with the awful consequences of immorality and crime ever present as a deterrent; battling with vice, helping and comforting the helpless, rescuing those who still tremble on the brink of perdition, Winnifred finds breathing space, and what is more—the only panacea for a blighted existence.

Worth Living.

BY L. T. S.

IT was nearly seven o'clock, and in one of the cloth-rooms of the great Beverley Mills, Millport, a group of women, young and middle-aged, stood laughing and talking, telling bits of news, gossiping, and even dipping into a scandal or two.

"Hush! here comes Rhoda," said a plump, rosy girl, suddenly breaking into the hum of voices, as a tall, slender, dark haired, dark-eyed girl entered the room.

"Well, let her come. She is no better than we are if she does put on fine airs," said another spitefully.

"And that reminds me I saw her walking in Orchard Lane last night!" exclaimed a third girl triumphantly, and raising her voice, rather than lowering it.

"Alone?"

"Yes, alone at first. Then a man came out from under a tree and spoke to her, and after a few words she ran away from him, wringing her hands."

"I have said all along that she ought not to come in here to work, a stranger, and so close-mouthed," said a thin, freckled-faced woman, in a disagreeable voice.

"Do, pray, hush!—or else speak lower. She will hear you!" pleaded good-natured Annie Brown.

"Well, she will only hear the truth; and I for one believe that if the truth hurts, let it hurt," said Miss Davis, loftily, and moved away just as the mill bells began to ring in work-hours.

Poor Rhoda Ford went to work with an aching heart. She had overheard those careless, unfriendly remarks, and for a moment her lips quivered, and tears gathered under those long, silky lashes, shading the loveliest of dark eyes; but she pressed them back, and raised her head in that haughty way her companions resented.

She had been in Millport but a few weeks, still quite long enough for her beauty, her evident refinement and re-

serve, to rouse some distrust and make some enemies.

She was kind and gentle, but not familiar in her manner, and the women who worked with her decided that there could be no good in a girl who put on superior airs, who declined to join in their amusements, or talk of her past.

They were no worse than the rest of the world, but they could not understand the sensitive pride and reserve of the young stranger, and instead of winning her confidence in a friendly way, approached her in idle curiosity.

She had new cause for trouble this morning, and every slighting word fell heavily on her already burdened heart.

"I must go away and try again in some other place. Ah, me! when shall I find peace and rest?" she thought, wearily.

A sharp pang went through her heart, as she thought of the one kind friend she would leave in Milliport, Mr. Oscar Daintree, the overseer of the mills.

At first she felt a little afraid of him, but when she learned what a true, kindly nature lay underneath the gravity and coldness of the outward man, she ceased to feel any fear.

He was not exactly handsome, but a little, strong-looking man of thirty-three or four, with keen, clear gray eyes, and the bearing of a gentleman. The employes of the mills might stand a little in awe of him, but they respected and trusted him.

He passed through the work-rooms often, but he never failed to stop a moment at Rhoda's side, to speak an encouraging word, or to win a glance from the expressive eyes so truly Italian in shape and color.

It was a long day to the girl. Once Mr. Daintree came in, and stopped and spoke to her; and then, as he moved away, she found courage to detain him a moment.

"I should like to speak a word with you, sir, after work-hours," she said, with a slight flush.

"Very well, come to the office this evening," he said, quietly, but with an inquiring glance that she did not see.

At the close of the day she lingered until nearly all the others were gone, then hurried into the office.

Mr. Daintree stood at the window reading a letter, and merely bowed when she entered, and she had time to compose herself before he gave her his attention.

"It is not much that I wish to say, Mr. Daintree. I believe it is a rule for an employee to notify you before quitting."

"Yes."

"Well, I wish to give up my situation at the end of the week."

"This is very sudden, is it not?"

"I decided to-day."

"Why do you wish to quit?" he asked, inwardly disturbed, but outwardly cool and calm.

"Because I am going away from Milliport."

Her voice trembled slightly, and her eyes were downcast.

Mr. Daintree walked once or twice across the floor, then suddenly stopped in front of her.

"Why do you wish to leave us, Rhoda? Have we not treated you well?"

"Oh, sir, you have been most kind! But—"

"Others have not. I know it. I have heard a few idle, careless remarks that were painful to me," his face darkening.

"Ah, you believe them, sir?" she exclaimed, with a touch of bitterness.

"I do not, but others may," he quickly replied, drawing a step nearer.

"Well, how can I help it?" she cried passionately.

"Be less reserved; talk more freely of yourself. If we do not give ourselves a history the world is apt to do it for us. I do not wish to pry into your past life, or meddle with your private affairs. I speak thus because I believe it to be best for you."

"There is not much to tell. No one seemed to care for me, and I could not open my heart to gratify idle curiosity. I lived in the city before I came here. My father was a gentleman, though poor, my mother a young seamstress. I was only five years old when my father died, and poor mother struggled along alone three years and then married again."

She paused, with a shuddering sigh, and though a deeply-interested listener of the simple story, the overseer said:

"You need not feel it necessary to tell me your history, Rhoda. I have never doubted you."

"Thank you! There is not much more to tell. My stepfather, Mr. Harris, had some money, but he soon wasted it and sank into a vagabond. Two years ago my mother died, and I went out as a governess, until Mr. Harris annoyed me so I grew desperate and ran away. I came here, and that is all. He has found me. Last night one of the girls saw me speak to him in Orchard Lane. You are kind to be interested in my poor affairs, Mr. Daintree, but it will do no good to try further here."

"Where are you going, alone and unprotected, Rhoda?" he asked, in a low tone.

"I do not know, sir."

Tears rose in her eyes as a keen sense of her own desolateness rushed over her.

Oscar Daintree stretched out his arms, his keen eyes soft and tender.

"My darling, come to my heart and home, and no one shall ever dare to trouble you, again!"

"Sir," she said, in fear and astonishment.

"You are surprised. I have been too abrupt, but this thought has been in my mind for weeks. I believe I loved you the first day you came here. But come, now, go home with me to my mother, and you shall have plenty of time to think of this and decide. Rhoda, love, do not refuse me!"

She wavered for a moment, flushed and trembling, her heart thrilling with new and strange emotions. Then all at once the color fled; she drew back.

"Ah, sir, it is a great honor you confer on me. Your pity, your charity, are divine, but I must not, I will not, take advantage of them and burden you with my troubles. No, no!"

She faltered and hurried away, hardly realizing what she had done. She could not believe that Mr. Daintree really loved her; an impulse of generous pity had moved him to make that offer; but her heart beat in a tumult of mingled pain and gladness.

She did not go direct to her humble lodging. She was fond of walking in the cool, quiet dusk, and the village seemed so peaceful, so free from rough characters, that no one thought of being molested.

Orchard Lane was a favorite haunt, for all along its length fruit trees hung over the fences, scattering pink and white flowers on the ground and perfuming the air.

Rhoda sat down in the shadow of a low, overhanging apple tree and watched the rose-flush of daylight fade away and the stars come out, while she tried to still the tumult of her awakened heart and to make some plan for the future.

While she sat there two men came down the lane, and as they drew near, she recognized her step-father with a shudder of sickening disgust. What mischief was he planning with that low-browed ruffian?

They stopped opposite where she sat, and, fearing lest they should see her, she crouched softly down under the shielding boughs.

"I tell you it will be an easy job," she heard Harris say.

"Do you know the money's there?"

"I guess I do: I saw him draw it from the bank and followed him down here, and I know it's at the mills."

Rhoda's heart almost stood still.

"There ain't nobody there at night but a puny watchman, and if he dares to resist us, we'll settle him with this."

And a glitter of cold steel flashed on the girl's horrified eyes.

All at once she remembered hearing Mr. Daintree say he would have business that would keep him at the mills until late, and overcome at the thought that his life stood between these desperate ruffians and the coveted money she uttered a low cry.

The next moment, with a furious oath, Harris sprang forward, and drew her out of her hiding-place, but, at the first sight of her pale face, he recoiled a step.

"Rhoda!"

"Yes, it is Rhoda," she said, recovering her self-control in face of the great danger before her.

"And look here, my beauty. If you dare to speak above your breath or attempt any outcry, we'll kill you right here!" said the other man, brutally.

She turned on him a glance of quiet scorn.

"I guess you'd better go along with us, my girl. It would be safer," said Harris, with recovered confidence.

"Very well. Are you going on now?" she inquired, stifling a wild desire to shriek out her terror to the quiet, unsuspecting world around them.

"Yes, now as well as any other time. If you'll help us out, we'll divide."

And so the three walked down the lane and turned into a path leading to the mills. They met no one.

The men were watchful, the girl desperate.

"Oh, Heaven, spare him! Have mercy on me, and spare him, for I love him!" she dumbly prayed.

They were drawing near the mills; she could see the light shining in the office window, and with a sudden, desperate resolve, she sprang down the path, away from her captors, shrieking for help.

She heard the men crashing after her with deep curses; but love winged her steps. She flew over the ground, for it could be nothing worse than death.

A pistol shot rang on the air, and she felt a stinging pain in her left arm; but she never faltered until she met Mr. Daintree at the office door.

She flung herself down before him, dabbled with blood, and sobbing out her story, slipped to the floor in an insensible heap.

* * * * * *

It was a sunny, fragrant June day, and the beautiful young invalid, who had been nursed by Oscar Daintree's gentle, gray-haired mother, had come downstairs for the first time since she had been carried up them wounded and unconscious.

The Daintrees lived in a pleasant old house, and its sweet peace and comfort seemed a paradise to poor Rhoda, and the dear, lovable old mistress a ministering angel.

Mrs. Daintree had been a devoted nurse—at first from gratitude and pity, and then from love, for the lonely, desolate girl appealed to all the tenderness of her tender, motherly heart.

Rhoda walked away downstairs, looking pale and slender in her white gown, but no longer downcast and sad.

She was free now to live in the sunshine, to love and be loved, for though the would-be robbers escaped that night, Harris was killed in a fray a few days later. Rhoda felt sorry for the wretched ending of this worthless life, but she could not pretend to grieve for him.

She wandered out into the sunny garden, and the overseer walked and smoked among the roses.

She blushed and would have turned back, but throwing away his cigar, he hastened to meet her, with glad, tender words of welcome.

"I have been longing to see you, my darling, to thank you; and yet where shall I find language strong enough to express my feelings?" he cried, clasping and kissing her hand.

Then he poured out his love afresh, and Rhoda listened, with the growing conviction that she could not again refuse it.

"You should not tempt me now while I am so weak," she murmured, blushing deeply, and yet with a soft, shy smile curving her lips.

And drawing the beautiful dark head to his breast, the happy lover said—

"You saved my life, and now I only ask you to make it worth living. Dear heart, say yes!"

She did say yes, and there was a merry wedding before the roses all faded, and the mill-hands crowded the church and called down Heaven's blessing on the bride, for they felt at last that she deserved her happiness.

PRIDE AND VANITY.—The virtues are economists, but some of the vices are also. Thus, next to humility, I have noticed that pride is a good husband. Pride is handsome, economical; pride eradicates so many vices, letting none subsist but itself, that it seems as if it were a great gain to exchange vanity for pride. Pride can go without domestics, without fine clothes, can live in two rooms, can eat potatoes, pursiane, beans, dyed corn, can work on the soil, can travel afoot, can talk with poor men, or sit well contented in fine saloons. But vanity costs money, labor, horses, men, women, health and peace, and is nothing at last; a long way leading nowhere. Only one drawback; proud people are intolerably selfish, and the vain are gentle and forgiving.

A GENTLEMAN once saw a woman-attendant at one of the Paris newspaper kiosks give a customer ten newspapers, for which she was handed two dollars. No change was given, and the onlooker inquired of the woman how it was. She said the customer was an artist, who had a picture in the Salon, and he paid her the money to read all the papers and mark the notices of his picture for him. This suggested the business of newspaper-cutting, which has now become so well known.

Bric-a-Brac.

LONG AND SHORT.—Birds with long legs always have short tails. Writers on the flight of birds have shown that the only use of a bird's tail is to serve as a rudder during the act of flight. When birds are provided with long legs, these are stretched directly behind when the bird is flying and so act as a sort of rudder.

IN DROWNING CASES.—In Java it is supposed that, if a live sheep is thrown into the water, it will indicate the position of a drowned person by sinking near it. A curious custom is practised in Norway, where those in search of a drowned body row to and fro with a cock in the boat, fully expecting that the bird will crow when the boat reaches the spot where the corpse lies.

ABOUT ADAM.—A curious Jewish tradition reports that Adam was entirely clothed in a hard, horny skin, and only lost it and became subject to evil spirits on losing Paradise. The nails are the remnants of this dress, and whoever cuts them off and throws them away does himself an injury. An old Persian chronicle says that Eve also possessed this dress, and the nails were left to remind them of Paradise.

RAFFLING FOR THEM.—So long ago as 1625 a sporting parson existed, and one who thought that religion could be made more popular by a little excitement; to this end he established a raffle for six Bibles each year. The clergyman who was so far eccentric, left in his will a sufficient sum of money for the yearly purchase of Testaments to be won by dice. Only a few days ago the ancient ceremony was carried through, and twelve children threw dice, six of whom ran the chance of winning a Bible. A vicar, a curate and two churchwardens watched over the proceedings.

TEA NAMES HAVE MEANINGS.—"Pekoe," in the Canton dialect, means "white hair," and for this kind of tea the very youngest leaves of all are gathered, so young that the white down of baeyhood is still upon them—whence their name. "Congo" means "labor"; considerable trouble and pains are taken in its preparation at Amoy, and these are perpetuated in its name. "Bohea" is named after a range of hills in Fo-Kien; "Souchong" expresses no sentiment, but a bald fact, being Cantonese for "the small kind;" "Hyson" signifies "flourishing spring."

BRIDGES.—A primitive notion existed among the Romans and other races that a bridge was an offence and injury to the river god, as it saved people from being drowned while fording or swimming across, and robbed the deity of a certain number of victims which were his due. For many centuries in Rome propitiatory offerings of human victims were made every year to the Tiber; men and women were drowned by being bound and flung from the wooden Sublician bridge, which, till nearly the end of the Republican period, was the one and only bridge across the Tiber in Rome.

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TWO SOWERS.

BY M. C.

On the meadows bare and gleaming
Came the golden sunshine streaming,
And the laughing summer showers
Lightly kissed the waiting soil;
Through the field came wanton Pleasure,
Strewing seeds nor stint nor measure,
Dreaming idly of the blossoms
That should bloom without his toil.

Softly after followed Duty,
In her hands no buds of beauty,
Only seeds that slow and patient
Planted she with tender care.
Day by day she watched them, waiting
For the fiery sun's abating
Ere she pruned, and worked, and watered—
Freeing them from every tare.

But before the summer ended,
Pleasure's blooms with dust had blended,
And the meadow, bleak and barren,
Stretched, uncared for, far away.
But when winter winds were blowing,
Duty's plants, still slowly growing,
Budded into wondrous blossoms,
Fairer, sweeter, day by day.

WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORRISTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(CONTINUED).

BOBBY went up to Decima's room. She was propped up by pillows, and looked very white and frail, but she smiled as he entered the room, and wound her arms round his neck.

"I am quite well now, Bobby," she said, "and Aunt Pauline thinks I shall be able to go home in a few days. How is father? And do you think you will pass your exam. this time, dear?"

Bobby kissed her, and so hid his face for a moment. Lady Pauline stood on the other side of the bed, grave and self-possessed.

"Robert has something to tell you, Decie," she said. "Are you sure you are strong enough to bear it? It is sad and painful news; but we think it will come better from us, who love you, than in any other way."

Decima looked from one to the other.

"Sad, painful?" she said. Then she sighed. "Yes; tell me, please, Bobby!"

Slowly and hesitatingly, with many pauses, he told her of the murder, and as she listened her face grew whiter and her horror expressed itself in her eyes.

"Oh, poor lady! poor lady!" she breathed. "I—I saw her portrait. She was his wife! Oh, Bobby!"

"And—and at the inquest they brought a verdict of Wilful Murder against Lord Gaunt," he said, thickly.

Decima raised herself on her elbow.

"Against—against Lord Gaunt! They could not!" she cried. "Murder! He could not have done it! I—I know that he could not! Where is he? What does he say? Oh, wait a moment; my head is burning, Aunt Pauline, you do not believe it!"

"No, no!" said Lady Pauline, "I do not think him guilty."

"Thank you, oh, thank you, auntie!" said Decima, faintly. "Tell me, tell me it all again! Let me think!" She put her hand to her brow and closed her eyes.

Bobby went over it all again. It was an easy task, for he had been thinking of nothing else for days past.

"No," said Decima, with an energy which astonished Bobby and Lady Pauline. "It is impossible! I—I know Lord Gaunt. He could not have done it!"

She covered her eyes with her hands for a moment, then she dropped them and looked from Lady Pauline to Bobby.

"He could not! Besides, would he have left his coat? Oh, how can anyone think he would have done it?"

Bobby held his breath. Lady Pauline saturated a pocket-handkerchief with eau-de-cologne and bathed Decima's brow. She waved it aside impatiently.

"I am not going to faint. I am quite strong! Where is Lord Gaunt? What does he say?"

Bobby held his breath.

"Lord Gaunt—Decie, dear, you'll be brave, won't you? Lady Pauline and I think you ought to hear it from us, not by chance, and from strangers——"

"Yes, yes!" she broke in, with a moan. "Tell me—tell me! It would be cruel to keep it from me. I—I want to know!"

"Gaunt went by the Pevensey Castle on the morning after—after the murder."

"Yes," breathed Decima. "He said he was going to Africa! Well? Oh, tell me all! I can bear it; indeed, I can!"

"And—and," faltered Bobby, "the vessel was lost. It foundered off the coast of Africa——"

Decima raised herself, and looked at him, with something in her eyes which Bobby will never forget while life lasts.

"And Gaunt—— Give me something, Lady Pauline; brandy, or—or something!" she broke off.

But Decima waved a refusal of the offered glass.

"Tell me—tell me everything!" she panted.

Bobby struggled with the choking feeling in his throat.

"Gaunt—and—and the captain remained on board after the rest had left and—and—and Gaunt——"

Decima fell back on to the pillows and, for a minute or two, remained motionless and speechless; then she opened her eyes, and the hopeless misery and despair in them brought the tears to Lady Pauline's eyes.

"And—and he is dead!" came from Decima's white lips.

Bobby bowed his head.

"Yes; I am afraid—they all think he was lost. He—he behaved like a hero. I'll—I'll read the newspaper account to you, when you are able."

"Now! now!" she said, in a hollow whisper, and Bobby, as if he could not resist her, drew out the paper, and read the account.

Decima listened, with fixed eyes and bated breath, to the statement of one of the passengers who had left the wreck in the last boat.

"You see," said Bobby, struggling with the choking in his throat. "He gave up his place in the boat to that man, Jackson. He kept the passengers in order, and—and stood by the captain till—till—the last! Decie, it—it is just what Gaunt would do, isn't it?"

She opened her eyes upon him, with a wild despair.

"Yes; it is like him!" she said. "It is just what he would do! Oh—oh, how I wish I had been there! How I wish I had been the little child he kissed!"

"Decie!" murmured Lady Pauline.

Decima turned upon her.

"Yes! I wish I had been there! I wish I had died with him!"

Then she closed her eyes, and was silent for a moment or two; so long that Lady Pauline thought she had fainted, and—and is, while for a restorative; but, suddenly, Decima opened her eyes, and said, with feverish emphasis:

"He is not dead! I know it! He is not dead! If he were, I—I should feel it! No, he is not dead!"

Presently, she ask them to leave her lone.

"You will try and bear your burden, dear?" said Lady Pauline, as she bent over her, and kissed her. "We deemed it best to tell you, better that you should hear it from us who love you."

"Yes, yes!" said Decima, with a sigh, and a weary movement of the thin hand. "You were right to tell me, Aunt Pauline; but—but I want to think. I have not realized it yet; it is like one of the dreadful dreams that came to me when I was ill. I want to think—and—oh, if I could only cry! Aunt Pauline, my heart is broken! But I will try and bear my burden."

"Pray for strength, dear!" whispered the good woman; but Decima shook her head.

"I can't pray!" she said, miserably, and with no irreverence. "I could only pray to die—and that would be wicked."

"Yes, Decima. Life and death are in His hands!" said Lady Pauline, and she and Bobby left the stricken girl alone.

Decima did not close her eyes; she could see the figure, which had been first and foremost in her life, with her eyes wide open. And she went over all Lady Pauline and Bobby had told her of the murder, and of Gaunt's life and Gaunt's death.

Not for an instant did the possibility of his guilt enter her mind. She knew him—the innermost heart and soul of the man—too well to permit of the faintest touch of doubt as to his innocence.

Some other hand had done the deed; whose mattered very little to Decima at that moment, for all her mind and heart were concentrated upon the fate of the man she had loved, and would love, with all the strength of her woman's soul, until death.

Not one minute detail of the shipwreck had escaped her, and she pictured Gaunt keeping order in the cabin, standing on the deck with the child in his arms, giving up his place in the boat to that other man, and then waiting and watching with that calm self-possession which was Gaunt's birthright for the end.

And they thought this man, who had given his life for others, capable of murder!

It may have been wicked of him to make her love him, ah! he had not made her love him! It was wicked to ask her to go away with him, the husband of another woman; but was not some of the blame hers? And how nobly he had atoned!

She tried to picture him lying dead upon some wild shore, and a craving envy of his fate took possession of her.

"If I had only been there to die with him!" broke from her trembling lips. "Oh, my love! my love! How shall I live without you, how shall I!" The tears came at last to ease her aching heart, and they were running down her face unheeded when Lady Pauline came back to her.

She slept that night, and dreamt. She saw Gaunt standing on the deck, watching the last boat leave the ship's side, she saw him with the child in his arms; but in every vision of him he was alive, and her imagination could not conceive of him as dead.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THREE days afterwards, they took her home to the Woodbines. Lady Pauline went with her, and she bore the journey very well.

Her father received them in a kind of stupor.

"Dear, dear! How—how pale and thin she is!" he said to Lady Pauline. "I'm—I'm afraid she has been ill! There seems to be nothing but trouble! I don't know whether you knew poor Lord Gaunt, Pauline——" He stopped, and tugged at his hair in a bewildered way.

"Most terrible affair—most terrible ending! I—I scarce know the details, though Bobby, who appears to have mixed up in the business in some extraordinary fashion, which I cannot understand, has been endeavoring to tell me. It is difficult to believe that a man of his position and culture can have been guilty of a peculiar brutal murder; but Mr. Mershon is convinced of his guilt—and the verdict of the coroner's inquest——" He stopped, and looked about him, helplessly. "And Mr. Mershon tells me that—that Decima has broken off her engagement with him. Is that so?"

"Yes," said Lady Pauline.

Mr. Deane ruffled his hair again, and edged to the door. "I'm—I'm afraid Mr. Mershon feels it rather acutely. You—you know that there have been business relations between us?"

"Yes," said Lady Pauline, in her direct way. "You have lost a great deal of money, have you not, Peter?"

"Yes; I'm afraid so. I scarcely know. I thought that the loss had been recouped, or—or provided for in some way; but Robert tells me that—that it is not so, and that I am still liable."

"I may be able to help you," said Lady Pauline.

Bobby, who had entered the room in time to hear the last part of the conversation, shook his head gloomily.

"No," he said. "It is too large a sum. I'm afraid we are up a tree, Lady Pauline. I've just seen Mr. Mershon; he wants to see Decima. I told him that she wasn't fit, and, well, I hinted that it wouldn't be the least use his seeing her. Decie knows her own mind, and, once it's made up—— Ah, yes, it's all over between Mershon and her. And, well, I'm glad it is, though," he added, inaudibly, "there'll be the deuce to pay over these bills! But I don't seem able to think of anything but poor Gaunt!" he said, aloud.

"I've just met Bright. He's terribly cut up; but, somehow, he can't bring himself to believe that Gaunt is dead. The next in succession is a cousin of Gaunt's. He is traveling abroad just now; but Pelford and Lang have written to him. There's no end of excitement in the village.

"Gaunt was more popular than one would have thought; and some of the women cried when they talked to me about him. One and all absolutely declined to believe him guilty of—of—— They are all very sorry for Decie's illness. She's the Lady Bountiful of the village, you know."

Lady Pauline inclined her head.

"And—and it was she who egged Gaunt on to undertaking all the improvements that have been made. Poor Gaunt!"

Bobby's eyes filled with tears as he turned from the room.

The next morning Decima came downstairs. She was very pale and thin, and very weak still, and she looked but the ghost of herself as she sat in a low chair by the fire.

"Are you sure you are strong enough to leave your room, Decima?" asked Lady Pauline; and Decima had turned her face to her with a shadowy smile.

"Yes, aunt. I—I want to take up my life again as—as it nothing had happened. They—father and Bobby—need me." Her voice broke for a moment. "I cannot lie there and think, think any longer! I want something to do, something that will help me to forget. But, ah! no, no, I shall never forget!"

How could it be possible for her to forget the man who had loved her and whom she had loved with all her heart and soul; or cease to remember with anguish that he had gone to his death with the charge of murder hanging over him?

In the afternoon, as she was standing at the window looking sadly at the bare trees swaying in the wind, she saw Mr. Mershon open the gate, and come up the path.

Her hand went to her heart, and she looked round as if for help. Lady Pauline had gone to the village with Bobby. There was no one to help her. Well, it was part of her burden, and she must carry it. She rang the bell.

"Tell Mr. Mershon I will see him," she said. She did not go back to her chair, but stood by the window waiting; and the light was full upon her face as he entered.

To him she looked more lovely than ever, with the sadness in the violet gray eyes and the ethereal pallor of the girlish face. His eyes fell before hers as she regarded him steadily, and his hand shook as he took the one held out to him.

For a moment he lost his presence of mind, and no word of speech he had prepared would come. Then, with an effort, he mastered his emotion, and said, almost abruptly:

"You're better, Decima? I'm very glad; I—I wanted to see you. I've had an anxious time, and—and—you're sure you're better?" he broke off, raising his eyes for an instant to the white face.

"Yes," said Decima. "I'm sorry you should have been so anxious; and—and I am glad you have come."

"Of course I should come the very first moment," he said. At sight of her all his passion revived and he felt that he would move Heaven and earth to keep her.

"Of course they—Lady Pauline—told me, gave me your message; but I needn't say, Decima, that I didn't attach any importance to it. You—you—; very likely you didn't know what you were saying when you sent me word that you wanted to break with me."

"Yes," said Decima. "I was quite conscious, Mr. Mershon." Her voice was low, but its steadiness surprised even herself.

"You were?" he said, huskily. "Then—then I suppose you said what you did because you thought I should be annoyed, riled, at your being mixed up with—with this affair of Lord Gaunt's. Of course, I—it was very natural that I should want an explanation; that I should want to hear all about your visit to his rooms, and—and what took place between you."

"Yes," said Decima quite calmly. "It was your right. It is so no longer. But," she went on as he opened his lips. "I will tell you. Mr. Mershon, I will tell you, because you will then see how—how impossible is was that I should have refrained from sending you a message. I went to see Bobby."

"I know," he said eagerly.

"And Lord Gaunt came in." As she spoke his name her eyes closed for an instant and her hand slid along the edge of the wall as if she were seeking some support.

"And you were together there," he said, nodding gloomily. "What—what passed between you? Don't tell me if you don't like. I'm content to let bygones be bygones, Decima."

"I will tell you," she said. Her lips were quivering, but she steadied them. "Lord Gaunt told me that he loved me."

Mershon started and his face went black.

"The villain!" he muttered.

Decima's face grew crimson and her eyes flashed. She turned away, as if she would not say another word; then, suddenly, she faced him again.

"He told me that he loved me. And I —" her voice broke for an instant, but she went on painfully. "I knew that I had loved him for a long time. I shall love him while life lasts!"

There were no tears in her eyes, and they met his furious gaze unflinchingly, almost as if she did not see him, or had forgotten his presence.

"And you can tell me this!" he stammered huskily. "You can confess that you love a man who was married already

—a man who has committed a dastardly murder."

Decima's hand went to her heart.

"He did not do it!" she said. "I know it!"

Mershon sneered. "Oh, I've no doubt they have kept the story from you, or as much of it as they could; you haven't read the evidence."

"Yes; every word," she said. Ther was a strange light in her eyes, and her voice seemed to have gained a sudden strength. "Every word; and still I say that he was innocent! I know it!"

He glanced at her angrily.

"It is a lucky thing for him that he escaped having to face a jury," he said with a sneer.

Her lips quivered, and her eyes closed, and a low exclamation of anguish broke from her involuntarily.

"Even—even if he had lived and they had found him guilty; even if I were convinced that he had done it——"

She stopped and looked beyond him, as if she did not see him.

"Well?" he demanded.

She lowered her eyes to his face.

"I should love him still!" came slowly from her white lips.

Mershon's rage and jealousy overmastered him.

"You must be mad!" he said, hoarsely, "After that shameless confession, there's nothing for me but to take myself off."

He snatched up his hat, and looked towards the door; then his eyes seemed drawn toward's her unwillingly.

"I suppose you have counted the cost of—of this rupture of our engagement?" he stammered. "You don't forget that your father owes me a large sum of money? Perhaps your brother—your precious brother," he sneered, "has made the consequences pretty plain to you!"

She looked at him, as if she were trying to attend, to understand.

"I see you do," he said. "Well, of course, I stand to my word, and I expect you to stand by yours. I undertook, in the event of your marrying me, to take over your father's liabilities, and to provide for your brother; as the marriage is off—as you break the engagement, and—and—insult me by the statement you have just made, you can't expect me to carry out my part of the contract. You can understand enough of business to comprehend that."

"Yes, I understand," she said, in a low voice. "I am sorry—yes, I am sorry—that I cannot marry you. But I cannot! It would have been hard before, but now ——!" She turned away, as if she felt that it would be impossible for him to understand what that now meant; and Mershon, with an almost audible oath, left the room.

His dog-cart was waiting for him, and he leapt into it and drove home to the firs at a gallop. As he tore up the steps and entered the hall, his sister came out of the drawing-room. She held a telegram in her hand, but in his fury he did not see it.

"Where are you going?" he demanded, for she had on her out-door things.

"I—I was going to the Woodbines, to—to inquire for Decima—to see if she were well enough to see me," she faltered,

"Then you won't do anything of the sort!" he snarled. "You won't go there again. Do you hear?"

"What—what has happened, Theodore?" she asked timidly.

"The engagement's broken off," he said huskily, as he flung his hat aside and drew his hand over his sweat-covered brow. "She's—she's behaved shamefully! She's disgraced herself! She's not fit for a decent man to marry. She——" The words seemed to choke him and he broke off with an oath.

"But I'll punish her! I'll punish her! I've got that old fool of a father of hers under my thumb—and that young ruffian of a brother! I'll punish her through them. Yes, I'll have them turned out into the street within a week! I've told Gilsby to act!"

"Oh, Theodore!" she faltered. "Poor child, poor child! You will not——"

"Won't I?" he broke in, with a malignant sneer. "Poor child! A pretty child! To admit, to boast, that it—if that beast were proven guilty, she'd—she'd love him still! What! do you think I'm a dog, a cur, to be kicked aside, and not resent it? I'll have my revenge! I'll turn them into the street. What are you crying and trembling at! Here—what's that?"

He snatched the telegram from her hand, and tore open the envelope.

She was going back to the drawing-room, when she heard him utter a cry, a cry of rage and baffled fury; and she turned back.

Mershon was leaning against the wall, glaring at the telegram. He raised his head presently, and his lips moved, but no sound came.

The telegram fell from his hand, and, in fear and trembling, she went forward and picked it up. He did not prevent her, and she read the wire. It was from Mr. Gilsby, the lawyer, and it ran thus:

"All D.'s bills met. Someone has undertaken to discharge all his liabilities. Will write."

Mershon seemed to awake from his stupor, and snatching the telegram from her, he went upstairs. She watched him for a moment, then her lips moved and she breathed a thankful prayer.

Mershon, as he went unsteadily up the stairs, holding by the balustrade, and stumbling now and again like a man smitten with palsy, had no need to ask who the "someone" was. He knew that Gaunt had stretched out a hand from the grave, as it were, to shield and protect the girl he had loved.

* * * * * * *

On the evening of the same day Mr. Pelford was arranging his papers on his desk, preparatory to going home.

He had had a particularly hard day, and looked tired and worried, and, as the door opened, and his partner, Mr. Lang, put his head round it, Mr. Pelford glanced up, with a frown.

"Nearly ready?" asked Mr Lang. They both had handsome houses at Dulwich, and, when practicable and convenient, journeyed homewards together.

"Yes; I think so," replied the senior partner, with a sigh. "I'll just endorse these letters. No news, I suppose?"

"News" had come to mean to Messrs. Pelford and Lang tidings of their client, Lord Gaunt.

Mr. Lang shook his head.

"No; none. I'm afraid that it is hopeless to expect any now. He must have been lost."

Mr. Pelford nodded and sighed.

"Poor fellow! Though, after all, I'm afraid one ought to feel more relief than regret at his death. He might have ended so—so much worse."

Mr. Lang assented with a gesture.

"I've written to young Lord Nasceby, the next heir—Lord Gaunt, I suppose he is now; but I'm doubtful whether my letter will reach him. What a singular thing it is—this love of travel and wandering running through the family. Oh, and, Lang, that fellow Thorpe has been here again to-day?"

"Oh? What did you do?"

"Well, I'm afraid it was weak," replied the senior partner, apologetically, "but I advanced him some money to take him out of the country."

"You did?"

"Well, yes. You see, if Lord Gaunt—I mean our Gaunt—should turn up; but that's impossible. Anyway, the next Gaunt will be glad to get rid of the fellow. He has spent the time since the inquest going the round of any of the clubs that would admit him, and telling the story of his and his sister's wrongs."

"In exchange for free drinks, I suppose?" said Mr. Lang.

"Er—yes. So I gave him enough to take him to Monte Carlo."

"Where it is to be hoped he will remain!" remarked Mr. Lang.

Mr. Pelford endorsed the last letter, rose with a sigh, and took his overcoat from a peg behind the door.

"Did you see Mr. Gilsby?" he inquired with an accent on the name which Mr. Gilsby would not have enjoyed hearing.

"Yes!" Mr. Lang smiled. "I never saw before, in my whole life, a man sorry at receiving money! And Mr. Gilsby was very sorry; there is no doubt of that. It is evident that that man Mershon was bent upon ruining the Deanes."

Mr. Pelford shrugged his shoulders with a little weary gesture. He had had a hard day, and any reference to Lord Gaunt's affairs reminded him of the trouble and anxiety the murder at Prince's Mansions had caused him.

"The whole affair is a mystery," he said; "but it is very evident that Mr. Mershon hated poor Lord Gaunt!"

"And, of course, the young lady, Miss Deane, was the reason," said Mr. Lang. "There are your gloves on that deed case."

"Oh, thanks, thanks! I feel so worried! Are you ready? If so, I'll turn out the gas."

He had his hand on the key when they both heard a step on the stairs. All the clerks had gone, and the two principals were alone in the office.

"Now, who can that be?" said Mr. Pelford, testily. "Whoever it is I shall not stay. We shall lose our train."

The footsteps stopped outside the door, and there came a knock.

"Open the door, Lang, and tell them that we cannot stay," said Mr. Pelford.

Mr. Lang opened the door. Then he uttered an exclamation, and fell back; and Gaunt walked in.

Mr. Pelford dropped his hat on the desk, and it rolled unheeded to the floor.

"Lord Gaunt!" he gasped, and he stared and gaped at the tall figure and haggard face.

"How do you do, Mr. Pelford?" said Gaunt, quietly—very quietly—with that self-possession which had often astonished legal advisers, and not seldom puzzled and annoyed them. "How do you do, Mr. Lang? I am afraid I am late——"

"My Lord, do you know——! When did you come? Where?" demanded Mr. Pelford.

Gaunt stood on the other side of the table.

"One moment," he said; "I want to ask you a question. Is Miss Deane in London——?"

"Miss Deane!" echoed Mr. Pelford, amazed at the question at such a moment.

"Yes; where is she?"

"Er—er—Miss Deane is—is at home, at Leafmore, I believe. But, but, Lord Gaunt, where did you come from?"

"Is she well?" broke in Gaunt, almost sternly.

The lawyer stared at him.

"Er—er—yes. That is—she is better. She has been ill." Gaunt's pale face worked. "But she is better. She is at home. But—but, my lord, where have you come from? What, why?"

"From Southampton," said Gaunt, quietly vouchsafing the information now that he had learnt something of Decima.

"From Southampton!" gasped Mr. Pelford. "Then—then you were saved. You are alive!"

"Yes," said Gaunt as quietly as before. "I was picked up by a yacht, the Sea Wolf, and the owner kindly turned back and landed me in England."

The two partners exchanged glances, the sharp legal glance.

"Then—then, perhaps you do not know—that is—you have not learned that—that—"

Gaunt regarded him gravely.

"Yes," he said; "I saw the account in a newspaper on board the yacht. You said that Miss Deane was better. Do you mean that she is out of danger? I gathered that she had been very ill."

Mr. Pelford ignored the question.

"Then—then you know that—that—Won't you sit down, my lord? Lang, there is a small flask of brandy in the corner of the safe; perhaps his lordship—"

Gaunt declined the small flask of brandy which Mr. Lang proffered.

"I know," he said.

"That—that a murder was committed, and that——?" Mr. Pelford could not go on.

"That I am deemed guilty, yes, yes," said Gaunt, as quietly as before. "I did not do it. Who did?"

Mr. Pelford sank into his chair. He had, he thought, grown accustomed to the Gaunt coolness, but he felt that he was mistaken; this surpassed all his previous experience.

"You—you did not?" he stammered.

"No!" said Gaunt, not sternly, but quite coolly and gravely. "I may be a fool, but I am not fool enough to commit a murder and then cover my victim with my own coat."

Mr. Pelford gasped for breath.

"But—you are aware, my lord, that there is a verdict of wilful murder against you; that—that there is a warrant for your arrest?" he stammered.

"Yes," said Gaunt, quietly. And I have come back to meet the charge. There was a policeman outside as I came up. Shall I call him?"

He went to the window, but Mr. Lang seized him by the arm, and drew him back.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. LANG dragged Gaunt from the window, and almost forced him into a chair.

"Don't—don't do anything rash, Lord Gaunt!" he said. "Give us time to—to think, to consider!"

Both partners were very much agitated; and not without reason. It was as if a ghost had walked into the room.

Gaunt shrugged his shoulders.

"It must come sooner or later; why not to-night?" he said.

His coolness and indifference almost exasperated Mr. Pelford.

"You do not appear to realize the gravity of your position, Lord Gaunt!" he said, agitatedly. "Perhaps it will help you to do so when I say—gravely and emphatically—that we are sorry to see you here."

"You cannot be more sorry than I am," said Gaunt, quietly. "It would be better for me if I were lying at the bottom of the sea. But I am alive, and on land, and the music has to be faced."

He spoke almost cheerfully. Now that he had heard that Decima was safe at the Woodbines, and better, nothing else seemed to matter much; certainly nothing that concerned him.

"I can't understand how you have been able—been permitted—to reach us!" said Mr. Pelford.

Gaunt shook his head.

"I suppose the police have given me up for dead," he said. "I expected to find someone waiting to arrest me at Southampton; but I was not stopped or interfered with. I had some difficulty in getting here, for the owner of the yacht—a good fellow—wanted to carry me off to some place where there was no extradition treaty. He thinks me innocent, notwithstanding the evidence."

"I wish he had!" exclaimed Mr. Pelford. "Seriously, Lord Gaunt, the evidence is—is—"

"Very strong," said Mr. Lang under his breath.

Gaunt looked from one to the other. "Do you mind my smoking? Thanks. He lit a cigarette. "I have read it all; there was a newspaper, several, on board the Sea Wolf, and I got all I could at Southampton. Yes, it is black enough." He paused. "I suppose nine persons out of ten, ninety-nine out of a hundred, would consider me guilty?"

Mr. Pelford was a truthful man and did not reply.

"May I ask if you do?" Gaunt put the question quietly and without a trace of resentment.

Mr. Pelford looked at him in silence for what seemed a long time, and then he said:

"No!"

"Thanks," said Gaunt. "No, I am not guilty; and yet all the evidence is true and unstrained. I suppose many a man has been hung on less?"

Mr. Lang shuddered. "Don't—don't take it so coolly, Lord Gaunt!" he said.

Gaunt was silent for a moment, then he asked, as if his thoughts had taken quite another direction:

"Did you attend to that matter of Mr. Deane's—discharge his debts?"

"Yes, yes!" said Mr. Pelford, almost impatiently. "We carried out your instructions, my lord. Mr. Deane's liabilities are discharged, provided for, at any rate."

"Thank you," said Gaunt. "And now, gentlemen, I am at your disposal. I am rather tired; I have not slept much of late."

The partners conferred in whispers, then Mr. Pelford said:

"Is there any place in which you could spend the night undisturbed, Lord Gaunt? Will you come home with one of us?"

Gaunt thought for a moment.

"Thank you very much; but I don't think that would be very wise of you. Wouldn't it be rather unprofessional—harboring a criminal? I don't know anything of the law regarding such matters, but I've an idea that you would run the risk of unpleasantness. No, thanks. I'll go to Morlet's. They know me, and"—he smiled—"will give me shelter for the night. To-morrow I will give myself up, after breakfast, if I'm permitted to get through that meal in liberty."

The partners assented to this. "We have got Sir James, Lord Gaunt," said Mr. Pelford, "and I need scarcely say that he will do all he can. He is the very best man. By the way, Mr. Bonkett appeared against us at the inquest. He was retained by Mr. Mershon."

Gaunt had heard of the famous Old Bailey barrister. He smiled grimly.

"I understand," he said.

"But do you?" demanded Mr. Pelford, desperately. "Do you realize the—the awful position in which you stand, Lord Gaunt?"

Gaunt got up from the chair and lit a fresh cigarette.

"I think so," he said. "At any rate, I know that you will do your best for me, Mr. Pelford, and I am grateful. I will go now. You said that Miss Deane was—was better?"

"Yes; yes," replied Mr. Pelford, impatiently. "We will go with you to the hotel."

"No, do not," said Gaunt. "You are better known than I am, and might attract attention; and, candidly, I should like to spend to-night in a comfortable bed, even if I do not sleep. Good night. Come to me in the morning. If I am arrested before you come, I will send for you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN FLOWERY WAYS.

BY S. U.

Oh, mothers, whose children are sleeping
In their little white cribs every night,
While around you the robes of the darlings
Fill your hearts with a calm, pure delight,
Do you think of the lone mothers weeping
By the cribs where no baby-form rests,
Where the delicate garments are folded,
And the pillows for aye are unpressed?

Oh, mothers, who wake every morning
To the voice that is music so sweet;
Who rejoice in youth's silvery laughter,
And the patter of jubilant feet;
Do you think of sad homes, and the silence
Unbroken by mirth or by song,
Where sorrow broods over the night time,
And the sunniest days are too long?

Oh, rejoice in the blessings around you;
In the joy of the silvery tone;
In the close clinging arms of your prattlers,
While yet you can call them your own!
For whether the morning sun brightens,
Or the twilight's deepening gray
Shadows the heart and the homestead,
You are walking life's flowery way.

Her Escapade.

BY J. W. F.

"I WON'T submit to such treatment any longer," cried Jennifer Graystock passionately, as she stood before her stepmother and that lady's two daughters, one frosty morning in February.

Mrs. Graystock looked at the girl for a minute or two, her cold fish-like eyes gradually becoming more and more malignant, as her anger gathered strength, and she said with vindictive emphasis:

"You will do as I bid you while you remain in this house; if you disobey me, ever so little, you will leave it there and then."

"This house is my father's," retorted the girl, "and I have a right to live in it without becoming your servant; my father would not allow you to treat me as you do, if he knew it."

A sardonic smile came over the elder woman's face; she had ruled her husband so completely, and made his life so wretched, that to escape from her even for a season he had been glad to go abroad to make certain inquiries about some property belonging to his first wife's deceased brother, instead of sending out a trustworthy agent, as a man more happily situated with regard to his domestic arrangements would certainly have done.

But Cecil Graystock was a selfish man as well as a weak one, and while he was glad to get away from his wife and her daughters, he was not self-denying enough to take his own child with him.

"Cheer up, little woman," he said when the girl entreated with tears in her eyes that he would not leave her behind; "cheer up, your father is going to the other side of the world to find a fortune for you; it will be all yours, the other girls will not have a penny of it, and my little Jennifer may be a grand lady and may ride in her own carriage before she dies. Now give me a kiss and dry your eyes; you can't go with me, but I'll send you to stay with your Aunt Honor, if you like."

"Please do, father, if you won't take me with you," was the sobbing reply.

And the father promised, but when his intention reached his wife's ears, she resolutely and successfully opposed it.

"If you don't leave Jennifer with me I shall go with you," said that resolute matron with an ominous tightening of her thin lips; and her husband knew that she would keep her word.

So poor Jennifer was left as a kind of hostage for her father's good behavior, for Mrs. Graystock knew well enough that unless she had some hold upon him, she was not likely to see much of her husband for a long time to come, and for reasons of her own she did not particularly wish to accompany him, nor did she for the same reasons wish to put her veto upon the expedition altogether.

Besides, she had a notion that somehow or other she and her own daughters would benefit indirectly from any good fortune which might fall to Jennifer, little as they might have done to deserve it; but for all that it was not in her nature to be kind to the girl or to treat her with decent consideration and care, and she and her daughters never left an opportunity slip of inflicting some indignity upon her.

It was the old story of Cinderella over again, only the fairy godmother and the glass slipper were wanting, and the handsome prince never came poor Jennifer's way.

Moreover, Jennifer did not submit tamely to ill-usage and neglect; at every fresh wrong she rebelled, and Mrs. Graystock knew quite well that it was possible to carry her system of petty oppression too far.

She did not mean to do this, for as I have said, she looked upon the girl as a kind of hostage for her father's speedy return.

When an ill-disposed woman, however, begins a system of petty persecution towards an innocent and helpless victim, she rarely knows when to stop, even when it may be to her own interest to put some curb on her inclinations, and this was the case with Mrs Graystock.

She had taken away the girl's pretty dresses and the costly trinkets that had once been her mother's, had banished her from the dining and drawing rooms when visitors came, had compelled her to do the menial work, and finding that none of these things had broken the girl's spirit or made her one whit more docile, she determined to restrict her diet.

It was this last wrong that had roused the girl to utter the protest recorded; but she gained nothing by it, she was banished to her own room for the rest of the day, given some for a task and some bread and water for fare, and there left to learn the beauty of obedience.

That same evening Mrs. Graystock took her two daughters to a theatre, an order for a private box having been sent to her by a friend of her absent husband.

She knew that Jennifer would be expected to be of the party, but she could easily make an excuse for the girl's absence, so she went away with her own daughters without even visiting her prisoner.

The evening was not a pleasant one to the cold-hearted woman, however.

Mr. Guy Latimer, who had sent the card for the box, presented himself before the evening was over and seemed surprised and disappointed at not seeing Jennifer.

"She isn't very well," said Mrs. Graystock indifferently, in answer to his question, "and she didn't care about coming with us."

"Do you think she will be well enough to see me if I call to-morrow?" asked the young man earnestly.

"No, I don't," was the curt reply.

"Then I will come the day following," he said gravely, and a trifle sternly. "I have something to tell her from her father."

"From my husband?" asked the woman in quick surprise.

Latimer bowed.

"What is it? Is he coming back soon? He said nothing about doing so in his last letter?" she questioned anxiously.

"The message I have from him is for his daughter," was the cold reply.

And Guy Latimer's eyes met those of the woman he was speaking to with a glance that made her droop her own, and turn her face away.

"Some story has got afloat about that wretched girl," she thought bitterly. "I wish she was dead; I wish I could make her feel how I hate her. But I must be cautious; this man is bent upon seeing her. I wonder what he really has to say."

So she puzzled and worried herself, but when she reached home she was tired and vexed, and she did not think it worth while to go up to poor Jennifer's room to see how she was.

"I dare say she is hungry," was the woman's callous reflection, "but she won't be any the worse for that, and I suppose I shall have to make friends with her in the morning; it's exceedingly annoying, but it would be worse to have that fellow making a bother about the girl. I wish I hadn't accepted his box; I certainly would not if I had known."

Then she went to bed and slept as peacefully as though her life had been spent in deeds of love and kindness.

The next morning, however, she felt a little uncomfortable about her young prisoner; reflection had convinced her that she was playing a very dangerous game, and her own common sense told her it was also a very foolish, not to say purposeless one; so she rose from her bed, put on a dressing-gown, and then went upstairs with the intention of modifying her treatment of her victim at least for the present.

Her heart misgave her, however, when, on putting the key into the door, she found that it was unlocked, and on going into the room, she discovered it to be empty.

"The daring hussy!" she exclaimed angrily. "I'll pay her for this sooner or later; she shall not defy me in this style with impunity."

Then she rang a bell and ordered the servant to tell Miss Jennifer to come to her.

The woman stared at her mistress, then looked round the barely furnished room to which the girl had been banished, and, gaping with real or assumed dismay, she conveyed the information that the poor girl had not been seen after she was locked up.

It was now Mrs. Graystock's turn to be alarmed.

She had the house searched from top to bottom; she caused inquiries to be made in the neighborhood, but no trace of the missing girl could be found; and then the heartless woman became conscious that her servants and even her own daughters regarded her with suspicion.

"She knows pretty well what's become of her, I don't doubt," she overheard one of her servants saying to the servant of a neighbor; "a sweeter-tempered young lady never lived, nor a prettier one, and it used to grieve me to the heart to see her half-starved as she was, and many's the sandwiches as we servants have managed to smuggle into her room to her; but now, poor dear, I'm afraid she's met with foul play, that's what I am."

And Mrs. Graystock, though she heard this, did not care to call the woman and reprimand her or dismiss her on the spot, for she knew that her treatment of her step-daughter had been severe enough to justify the woman's surmise, ill-founded though it was.

To add to her uneasiness, a letter came to her that same day from her husband, announcing that he was on his way home, and containing these words:

"Tell Jennifer not to let her heart go out of her own keeping until she knows how rich she is. Guy Latimer's father comes back home with me, and the old man and I would like to make a match between the young people; but I shan't overpersuade my dear little girl, she shall have her own way in this, as in all things else for the future."

"The dolt!" cried the woman savagely as she flung down the letter, "the weak idiotic dolt! If it were not for the girl herself, I'd soon see about her having her own way in anything, whatever you might say. But after all, it is I who have blundered. I hated her mother, and I hate her, and I hadn't the sense to hide it."

With her mind filled with these gloomy thoughts and with ominous forebodings the hours of the day went slowly by, and night set in, but still Jennifer did not return.

When morning dawned, Mrs. Graystock felt that she must do something, so she sent for a detective and engaged him to discover the runaway.

This did not help her, however, for Guy Latimer called and learnt something of the truth from a servant, and he went away with the determination to make matters very uncomfortable for the cruel step-mother.

* * * * * *

The express from Falmouth to Polruth-in-Lizard bobbed and reeled and jolted and jostled, and threatened to capsize a dozen times at least before it finally drew up before the sign of the Blue Lion, the principal inn in that remote though ancient borough.

Despite its imposing name, the conveyance in question was but a very small shabby-looking omnibus, capable of seating four slender persons on each side without much discomfort.

On the present occasion, however, the occupants and their baskets were packed like sardines in a case; four men, six women and three small children having managed to cram themselves inside, while the box-seat, which had been constructed to carry one person beside the driver, was occupied by two men and a boy, and several pairs of legs dangling over the windows bore testimony to the fact that, though no seats were provided on the top, some five or six were reckless enough to risk life and limb for the sake of riding instead of walking.

In the farthest corner of this well-packed conveyance, looking curiously pale and delicate by the side of her ruddy-cheeked, moon-faced companions, sat Jennifer Graystock.

She had come from London to Falmouth by the line steamer, having ascertained that this was the cheapest way of travelling, and she had suffered a good deal from sea-sickness and from cold, for the month of February is not the most desirable time of year for such a journey.

However, here she is, safe enough, but weary and rather faint, having had to practice the most severe economy on the way.

She believes she is near the end of her journey, however, and she smiles brightly, and a faint pink flushes her pale cheeks, as, in answer to the shy questions of a young farmer, she admits that she is a stranger to this part of the world, though she is Cornish by extraction.

Later on she satisfies his curiosity sufficiently to say that she is going to a relative, and when he asks the name, professing to know most people of any note in the neighborhood, she said she was going to her aunt, Miss Honor Graystock.

"Graystock!" repeated the young man; "I've never heard that name about here. Where does she live?"

"At Polrnth," was the reply.

"Yes, but Polruth isn't a small parish, though I thought I knew every barn-door fowl in it, let alone ratepayers. What's the name of her house or the street she lives in?"

"I don't know," was the suddenly alarmed answer; "I thought if I came to Polruth I should be sure to find her—her letters so addressed always did."

"And you came all the way from the city?" questioned the farmer.

"Yes," was the naive reply. "My father has gone abroad on some business, and my step-mother was very cruel to me; and I knew my Aunt Honor would be glad to have me with her, so, when I could bear the unkindness at home no longer, I made up my mind to run away and come straight to my aunt."

"And you never wrote to say you were coming?" was the natural enquiry.

But the girl's face became a study from the look of bewildered dismay that came over it, and she almost gasped:—

"I—I never thought of it. You don't think I shall have any difficulty in finding my aunt, do you? I have only—"

Then she paused, remembering that the emptiness of her purse was no concern of the young man, who had evinced such a persistent interest in her.

But her spirits fell, a feeling of gloom came over her. She had been buoyed up through her long painful journey by thoughts of the affectionate welcome she would receive, and now the suggestion that she might not be able to find her aunt filled her with a feeling of despair that was no whit the less poignant from the fact that she could not understand why her aunt had lived in Polruth all her life through, and was a person of position, and yet here was a man who evidently belonged to the place who declared he had never heard of such a person.

"I can but lie down and die," she thought wearily, "and death itself would be better than life with my step-mother. Only I am sorry for poor dear papa; he will reproach himself so bitterly when he comes home and finds what has happened."

She closed her eyes, and the tears, unbidden, oozed from them and hung on the long eyelashes; and the young farmer by her side, as he feasted his eyes upon her pale pure beauty, vowed in his heart that he would befriend her.

"I'd take her home with me, but mother and sister would be that wild, the house wouldn't hold 'em," he mused reflectively; "and besides, mayhap she wouldn't come; but I won't leave her till she's well housed, anyhow."

He got no more conversation out of the object of his compassion, however, for she kept her eyes resolutely closed until the omnibus drew up in front of the Blue Lion.

Then she took her little hand-bag, which was all the luggage she had with her, got out of the vehicle, paid her fare, and stood on the pavement, looking helplessly and irresolutely about her.

"You'd best come inside the Blue Lion," said the young farmer who had kept close by her side; "the landlady's a decent woman, and maybe she'll be able to tell you where to find your aunt."

"Yes, thank you, that will be the best thing I can do," she said in a tone of evident relief.

Then she followed her companion into a spacious room, in which a great number of coats and hats were hanging up, and lying about on chairs and tables.

"If you'll sit here by the fire I'll go and speak to the landlady," said the young man kindly. "Shall I order something warm for you? The weather's so cold, you're half frozen."

"No, thank you, It I can only find my aunt I shall have all I require," was the low-toned answer.

So young Trebray went out to seek an interview with the landlady, who was a woman of a very unpromising type—a woman who only saw right and wrong in her dealings with the world, and who admitted of no paltering with either.

She listened to the young man's story with evident suspicion; then she asked:

"Where is she?"

He told her, and together they went to the coffee-room, which they found untenanted except by poor Jennifer, who had fainted.

The landlady's sympathies were at once enlisted. The girl was taken upstairs and put to bed, and young Trebray was sent first of all for a doctor, and then to the post-office, to inquire if he could there learn the address of anyone of the name of Graystock.

His visit was fruitless; the postmaster either could not or would not help him, and he returned to the inn weary and dispirited.

Before the next morning broke, Jennifer was delirious, and the people who kept the inn were uncertain what to do with her.

"It is as much as her life is worth to be moved," pronounced the doctor.

"I'll pay the bill, whatever it may be," said the farmer.

And so the girl remained where she was, unconscious and fever-tossed, while the days slowly lengthened and still more slowly passed over her head.

Meanwhile, Guy Latimer had not been idle, and Mr. Graystock had returned home.

The young man had questioned the servants, and learnt from the one who had helped the girl to escape, and who admitted to him that she had met her by appointment a few hours later, that Jennifer had not told her exactly where she was going, but had talked of a sea voyage to a relative in Cornwall.

With this clue he set to work, and at length traced the runaway to the steamer, and ascertained that she had gone on to Falmouth.

He put himself in communication with the local authorities there without delay, but could hear no more about her.

She had not travelled by rail, neither had she put up at any hotel, and as it was market day when she landed no one had taken notice of her.

When Mr. Graystock came on the scene, however, he guessed at once where his daughter had gone.

"She wanted to go to her Aunt Honor before I left England," he said bitterly, "and I'm only sorry I didn't consent to her doing so; but she is with her now, of course; though why she should have gone to Falmouth is more than I can tell; I could have understood Plymouth. It's rather thoughtless of both of them, however, not to have written to say that she was safe."

Then he telegraphed to his sister, and received a couple of hours later the following reply:

"What does your question mean? Jennifer is not with me. I have not seen nor heard of her."

Here was a blow, and yet Latimer had undoubtedly traced the girl to Cornwall; he had even seen the captain of the ship she went by who recognized his description of her directly, and there was no doubt that she had started with the intention of going to Polruth.

"She has fallen ill on the road, or met with a worse fate," groaned the father; "but we must find her, Guy; we will go down to Falmouth together."

And they went.

* * * * * *

A whole fortnight elapsed before Jennifer became conscious and in her right mind, and during this time young Farmer Trebray did all in his power to find Miss Graystock, and to learn to whom this girl really belonged.

But the name of Graystock was quite unknown in the neighborhood, and when Jennifer's pockets were examined there was not a scrap of paper about her to indicate her own name or address.

At length when the girl could be popped up in bed with pillows, and the doctor said she might be allowed to talk, the landlady undertook to find out something about her mysterious guest.

"You are sure your aunt lived in Polruth?" she asked suspiciously.

"Yes, quite sure, she has lived there all her life," was the answer. "She has a large house standing alone, I have heard, and fine large gardens. She always used to send us fruit and cream in the summer. I hadn't the least doubt about going straight to her house when I started from home."

"And your home is in the city?" questioned the woman.

"Yes; but I want to find my aunt," said the girl pleadingly.

"She don't live in Polruth-by-Camelford, does she?" questioned the chambermaid who had hitherto stood by in silence.

"Yes, of course; that was the address we always put on the letters," said Jennifer.

"Save us all!" exclaimed the landlady; "this is Polruth-in-Lizard, my dear, the other end of the county."

"What, are there two Polruths?" inquired Jennifer.

"Yes, of course there are," said the landlady, severely, as though every child in the three kingdoms ought to have known that fact. "This is Polruth-in-Lizard, then there's Polruth-by-Camelford, and I'm not sure that there isn't a Polruth near St. Austell."

"Oh, two is enough in all conscience," said Jennifer; "but now you speak of it, Polruth is near Camelford; I never thought of there being two places of the same name, and when I went to the station in town to inquire how I could get to my aunt's, and what would be the cheapest way of traveling, I only asked for Polruth, and they told me there was no railway there, and they didn't even know where it was; but a man in the booking-office said he had once spent his holidays at Falmouth and had gone from there to Polruth by an omnibus, and he advised me, if money was an object, to go to Falmouth by sea, because the railway journey was very expensive, and so I came. Is it very far from here to Camelford?"

"Well yes, it is; and you'd best send to your friends, my dear, for you're not fit to travel alone. Besides, there's your bill to be paid, and you won't like young Farmer Trebray to pay it as he said he would; folks will talk if you do."

"Who on earth is Farmer Trebray?" asked the girl in amazement.

"He came in the 'bus with you from Falmouth."

"Oh, that young man who would talk and who said he knew everybody here. No, you mustn't take a farthing from him for me. Do telegraph to my aunt if you please, and if you can't find her, then I must send to my step-mother. Oh, I wish my father was here."

She leaned back on her pillow as she said this, for she was still very weak, and was completely exhausted by the exertion of talking so much, and the landlady, seeing that the girl required rest, quietly left the room to carry out her wishes.

The young farmer was in the bar parlor waiting to know the result of the interview, and when informed of the supposed mistake he exclaimed warmly:

"That's how it happened, is it? I knew she was genuine. I'll go to the post-office and telegraph, and I'll come back here and wait for the answer. I'd like her friends to find her, it 'tis only to shut up them women's tongues at home."

Then he went on his self-imposed mission while the landlady remarked confidentially to her husband:

"Poor Walter Trebray gets tongue enough at home, and it 'ull be all for nothing too, for the girl upstairs don't think no more of him than she does of you, my dear."

In reply to this her spouse growled that his better half was no doubt correct in her judgment since women were proverbially ungrateful, and the discussion was still proceeding when the young farmer returned.

Just as he came into the house, however, two gentlemen likewise crossed the threshold.

One was middle-aged, rather gray, and with a bronzed complexion, as though he had recently come from some distant country, and the effects of sun and storm had not yet wore off.

The other was young, tall, and handsome, but there was no likeness between them, though from their respective ages they might have been father and son.

"Did a young lady come here alone about a fortnight ago?" asked the elder of the two strangers, addressing the landlady.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Was her name Graystock?" was the next question.

"I believe it was," said the landlady, "but she came to Polruth to find a Miss Graystock."

"Exactly," cried the gentleman, in an excited tone. "I am the girl's father; can you tell me where she is? I will pay any money to find her."

"You won't have to pay much, sir, nor to go far," was the smiling reply, "for she's upstairs getting better from a fever, and I've just left her crying piteously for her father."

"Oh, tell her I am here; let me go to her," was the eager entreaty.

The landlady said she would go and break the glad news to the girl, and a few minutes later Mr. Graystock was informed he could see her.

"Is the girl your sister?" asked the young farmer of Guy Latimer, as he eyed the young man uneasily.

"No, I'm glad to say she isn't," was the answer.

"And she isn't your wife?" was the next question.

"Not yet," with a smile.

"But she is to be?" persisted Trebray.

"I hope so," was the confident reply.

"Ah, then I'll go back to my farm," said the Cornishman sadly. "Tell the young lady that I'm glad it I've been of any service to her. There'll be no need now for me to pay the bill, though I'd have been ready enough to do it, and I hope you'll make her happy, sir."

Then Walter Trebray went away leaving Latimer in possession of the field, though certainly not with the feelings of a victor.

"He is a noble, unselfish fellow; but still, Jennifer never could have married him," was the thought that flashed through his mind.

And then Mr. Graystock joined him, and told him that his daughter would not be able to leave the inn for several days, and he likewise added that his sister Honor had just telegraphed to say she was coming to her niece as quickly as she could travel.

"So I need have no further anxiety about the comfort of my poor child," said the father gravely; "I shall always reproach myself with having left her to the care of that wicked woman."

Latimer made no reply; his own honest opinion was that there was no excuse for the father's culpable weakness in leaving a helpless girl to endure the tyranny from which he himself was glad to seize any excuse to escape.

Many months later, when the June roses were in bloom, and the whole country looked like a lovely garden, there was a quiet but pretty wedding at the little church of Polruth-by-Camelford.

The young bride had regained her health and strength and all her former beauty, and as she came out of the church leaning on the arm of her husband, with the bright sunlight shining on her fair golden head, Guy Latimer and her fond father thought there never had been a lovelier bride.

Such was the opinion of a young man dressed like a farmer, who kept well out of sight of the wedding party, even while he watched the principal members of it.

"She wasn't fit for me," he groaned sadly, as she went from his sight; "she's a grand lady, with a big fortune of her own, and a husband that no doubt loves her; but he'll not make her happier than I'd have done."

Walter Trebray's heart was not broken, however, for before another year went by he took to himself a wife of a good Cornish stock and was almost as happy as such a rare good fellow deserved to be.

Cecil Graystock never forgave his wife for her harsh treatment of his daughter, and, though he allowed her a liberal income, he refused to live with her again. So the only person who was in any way the worse for her escapade was the woman who had caused it.

A POINTED QUESTION.—The great question whether the use of forks is understood in Chicago having been happily settled in Paris, it may be asked in seriousness whether forks are not too much used in Chicago and everywhere else. Not that anybody wants to use the knife for conveying food to the mouth, but might not the teaspoon as a part of the dinner equipment be a little more prominent?

People of breeding train their children to eat peas, for instance, with a fork, tabooing the spoon for no apparent reason other than that its use would simplify and facilitate the operation. On the same principle they ought to eat their peas with chopsticks, as a Chinaman could easily do. So with certain kinds of pie and pastry. The relish is marred by the loss of juices too thin for the fork to carry. Yet the man who values his social reputation must not ask for a spoon.

The proper use of the silver fork might be better understood if it were regarded as a modified shovel with limitations imposed by its slits. For solids it is an excellent shovel. For liquids it is naturally a failure.

The countryman who on his first visit to a city hotel asked the waiter for a spoon with no slits in it was no legitimate subject of ridicule. He was an impartial critic, being without the prejudice of habit or tradition.

LORD TENNYSON, it appears, made it a constant practice to employ a rhyming dictionary when writing a poem.

Scientific and Useful.

PLANTS.—A slight layer of sand in the saucers under plants prevents them from drying quickly. Plants will be found to thrive better and require less attention in watering.

RAILROAD SLEEPERS.—Terra-cotta sleepers are in use on Japanese railroads. The increased coast is compensated for by the greater resistance to decay.

NOISE ON RAILROADS.—The new invention for reducing noise of trains on elevated railroads is called iron felt. It is placed between the rails and sleepers and not only deadens sounds and reduces shocks, but materially diminishes the wear and tear.

A VIZARD FOR CYCLISTS.—Cyclists, tourists and others, particularly ladies, are often troubled with dust getting into their eyes, and a transparent vizard or eye-screen has been devised. It consists in a curving frame of steel with a clear pane of mica or gelatine, which can be fixed on the rim of the hat, and being very light, protects the eyes without inconvenience to the wearer.

LIFE SAVING.—It has recently been suggested that apparatus designed for saving life at sea should be constructed in part of indiarubber receptacles containing calcium carbide. According to an inventor, on immersion in water, acetylene would be instantly given off, and the whole become powerfully buoyant. A similar arrangement might be employed for canoes, rafts and military bridges and pontoons.

Farm and Garden.

TOBACCO STEMS.—Tobacco stems if ground fine and used along with bone meal are valuable as a fertilizer. They contain about five per cent. of potash and from one to two per cent. of nitrogen, and are worth from $6 to $10 per ton, according to quality.

BOILED OIL.—Good boiled oil is a great great economy put on wagon wheels that need paint. Put it on hot, and if it sinks right in let another coat follow. Wheels that are kept filled with oil in this way will last almost indefinitely. No water can get into them.

COWS.—The farmer who thinks he cannot afford to keep good cows is making a great mistake. The cow is the farmer's means of making a livelihood, and he wants the best means to be had. Consider difference in profit of a cow that will average 300 pounds of butter a year and one that averages only half that amount. Every farmer who is in the business to-day should have good cows. If he cannot afford to buy them he should buy a bull calf of some reliable breeder, and in five or ten years he will have as fine and profitable a herd as he can wish.

Jayne's Expectorant is the most palatable and effectual Croup remedy I have used with my children. I keep it on hand constantly.—(Rev.) D. H. COMANN, Franklin, N. C., Nov. 11, 1892.

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Life's Merry Side

Is it real or fancied, the decay that we so often think we see in certain human characteristics and qualities when we compare our maturity with our childhood? Even if the changes that we admit do take place, may we not be hasty in speaking glibly about "decay?" Do the changes themselves really occur, or is it that we mistake our own movement for that of the objects upon which we look? As children we become familiar with certain primitive human qualities; as we advance in life we see these qualities become more complex; and, observing this variation, we are ready to insist that the world is undergoing a vast change, and that the people of to-day differ widely from the people of yesterday. But do they? Can we, for example, speak with any degree of assurance of the decay of sentiment or the decay of honesty?

Without a doubt each one of us sees more discontented people than he did ten, twenty, forty, or whatever the number of years ago may be that carry him back to his youth. But the reason is that in our earlier simplicity we did not readily recognize dishonesty unless it were of the crude and glaring sort that is not general. It is so with sentiment. Childhood is more sentimental, in form, than middle-age, and, because we see and experience to-day less of the fervid intensity of friendship than we revelled in when we were boys or girls at school, we jump to the easy conclusion that the times, instead of ourselves and our contemporaries, have changed.

It would be absurd, of course, to say that times do not change, and that successive generations are not shaped in different moulds of formative circumstance. A glance of comparison from the up-bringing of children twenty or thirty years ago to the education of children to-day in precisely the same class of society will show us that new social worlds are being created; and human qualities must undergo some change in consequence. Still we are disinclined to give quarter to the too prevalent notion that human nature is undergoing fundamental changes, or that each succeeding generation is out of sympathy with the last.

Let us take the question of laughter. Probably you have often read, or heard it said, or have said yourself, that laughter is on the down-grade—that it is decaying, or has decayed. You have implied that the world laughs less than it did—that it has grown more serious, earnest, melancholy, morose. But is not the explanation of this estimate to be found in the fact that you happen to laugh less frequently than you did, or that your conception of the laughable has changed?

What reason have we for supposing that any considerable change has taken place in man's capacity for merriment and laughter? Have we left laughter behind us and entered on an age of glumness? We should prefer to plead that any change which has taken place is for the better. It would go hard with the man who tried to prove that the world is a duller place than it was. Naturally laughter, as a form of expression, changes with one's years. At first it merely voices the joy of living, and has its equivalent in the frisking of the lamb or the leaping and tumbling of the kitten. In early life it bears no direct relation to humor. The baby laughs when it sees the sun, or a lighted candle, or any glittering object. It laughs naturally at all surprises in the midst of its rough-and-tumble sport.

It is not humor, in the ordinary sense, that the child enjoys. It is what the child would call "fun," as distinct from that which is funny, which produces its wildest and most boisterous laughter. But by-and-by we have few new emotions—hardly any that we have not anticipated, even if we have not experienced them—and our laughter is no longer provoked by the mere joy of living. It has to be fed by a new form of surprise which we call humor—for, after all, an essential element of humor is surprise. Or, in the alternative, it has to be artificially stimulated, or renewed from old experiences—an aftermath of the first surprise. We seem, too, to be less given to laughter because we have learned to curb our exuberance.

And we do not propose to underestimate the value of laughter. Our contention is rather that it is quite as prevalent as ever, and more useful, because it is fuller-freighted, though less emphatic and startling. Both as to effect and cause, laughter is to be desired. As effect, it betokens a gay and wholesome mind, untrammelled by worries and anxieties; and, as a cause, it acts with a medicinal charm upon our being, clearing us of spleen, and stimulating healthy feeling and right views of the world. An hour's enjoyable laughter now and again carries us back towards the simplicity and freshness of childhood.

The wider a man's outlook becomes the more fitted he is to laugh, as well as to observe and think. We can, for example, imagine one who has emigrated from a village into a provincial town, or to a big city, or has extended his range of reading, observation, and thought proportionately as he has extended his journeyings, returning to his native village and watching the life there afresh at a time when it is most charged with humor—say, at the village feast. While it is quite likely that he will not be himself so prolific a source of spontaneous mirth as he might have been had he kept to the narrow round of village life, he will see and enjoy the humor of the place more fully because of his experience; he will have more cause for laughter than his old-time neighbors, though it will be a chastened laughter, sinking sometimes into the pathetic.

The advance of that traveled villager in the observation of humor is typical of the advance of civilized mankind in laughter. We have a thousand sources of fun which our forefathers had not discovered. If we surrender some of the amusements which appeared to them enjoyable, we do so because they have ceased to be good enough—the children can take them over. They are always ready to appropriate such simple pleasures. Other forms of humor await us, if we only keep the heart susceptible to merriment; and so laughter, like music, goes on through the ages, growing, in the aggregate, in volume, breadth, complexity, and quality.

EMERSON says truly, "We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken of." But why should this be? What sufficient reason can we have for restraining the flow of kindness from the heart to the lips, and from the lips to the heart of another? The sum of human happiness is not so great that we can fail with impunity to add our quota to it. We know that justice cannot be complete without generosity; nor can we be just to our fellow-men while we withhold from them the sincere thoughts of our minds and the feelings of our hearts which, if uttered, would add to their happiness. There are, it is true, abundance of thoughts and words which it is selfish to utter; but there is also a silence which it is selfish to keep, and which thoughtful kindness will hasten to break.

To confer a favor or a benefit of any kind, whether in helping the poor or profiting a friend, or obliging a stranger, should be the outcome of one really pure and legitimate motive—that of doing good to the receiver. If that be unmingled with any self-interested incentives, it is, of itself, its own reward, and its success will be measured by the degree in which the intended good is accomplished. This single motive will prevent any thought of return, whether in the shape of other favors or the less tangible reward of gratitude.

WE have each to do our duty in that sphere of life in which we have been placed. Duty only is true; there is no true action but in its accomplishment. Duty is the end and aim of the highest life. The true pleasure of all is that derived from the consciousness of its fulfilment. Of all others it is the one that is most thoroughly satisfying, and the least accompanied by regret and disappointment. In the words of George Herbert, the consciousness of duty performed "gives us music at midnight."

IT is quite a mistake to think that "culture" means to paint a little, to sing a little, to dance a little, and to quote passages from the latest popular books. As a matter of fact culture means nothing of the kind. Culture means mastery over self, politeness, charity, fairness, good temper, good conduct. Culture is not a thing to make a display of; it is something to use so modestly, that people do not discover all at once that you have it.

BY continually looking upwards, our minds themselves will grow upwards; and, as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities which we admire. Here, as in everything else, humility is the surest path to exaltation.

EVERY nail driven faithfully, every stone firmly laid, every detail performed to the best of our ability, is so much done, not only for to-day or to-morrow, but for all time—not only for our employer or the public around us, but also for posterity.

TRUE success in well-doing of any kind largely depends on our singleness of aim. We must desire it so much for itself that we never pause to inquire whether or not it is to bring happiness in its wake.

THERE is no courage but in innocence, no constancy but in an honest cause. And there is no surer indication of a weak mind than irresolution.

Correspondence.

J. G P.—Candle power the expression so much used nowadays as a unit of light, signifies the amount of light produced by a sperm candle one-sixth of a pound in weight, burning at the rate of 120 grains an hour.

G. H. H.—The creoles are not "mulattoes." They are descendants of the original French settlers of Louisiana. Sometimes there is an admixture of Spanish blood. The word creole simply means native. Creole horses and creole cows are spoken of quite as often as other creoles.

L. L. D.—The Mountain was a name given to the Jacobin majority in the National Convention of France at the time of the French Revolution from their occupying the highest benches. Brissot first used it in the Constitutional Assembly, in contrasting the Jacobins with the Aristocrats. The expression is still in use on the Continent of Europe, as applied to the extreme radicals, or "the left."

M. L.—The use of amulets or charms is no longer common, although some persons still wear them. In ancient times they were generally worn. The caul is still worn as an amulet by seafaring people, who believe that a child's caul will preserve a ship and crew from being lost at sea. Sailors, however, are very superstitious and imaginative owing to their peculiar life and surroundings.

MAY.—Before Queen Victoria married Prince Albert, her full name was Alexandrina Victoria D'Este Guelph, but after that event the surname (if such names are really applicable to Royalty, which most authorities deny) of Her Majesty and family became that of the Prince Consort. The family name of the House of Saxony is Wettin, and therefore the Queen's plain name would, under ordinary circumstances, be Wettin.

SWALLOW.—The word temperance does not at all involve total abstinence from alcoholic liquors. It was one of the four cardinal virtues among the Romans answering, perhaps, to our own "moderation" meaning that the person who possessed it had sufficient control over himself to regulate and moderate his desires. Its use by teetotalers probably arose from their opinion that in the use or abuse of alcohol there is no medium, but that the only possible moderation is to abstain altogether.

S. T. W.—The act of sighing is nothing more than a very long-drawn inspiration, in which a larger quantity of air than usual is made to enter the lungs. This is continually taking place to a moderate degree, and particularly occurs when the attention is released, after having been fixed upon an object which has strongly excited it, and which has prevented our feeling the insufficiency of the ordinary movements of respiration. Hence this action is often a simple result of deficient aeration; while in other cases, as is universally known, it is excited by a depressed state of the feelings.

READER.—There are several pigmy races varying little in size, and ranging from 3½ feet to 4½ feet in height. Among others are the Itas of the Philippines, the Andaman Islanders, and the Akkas of Central Africa. Of the African dwarf races, most of them average 4 feet 1 inch. Dr Parke, who in 1886 discovered the Batwa, gives their average height as 4 feet 3 inches, but places them intellectually above the Nubian negro. These races are regarded by some anthropologists as survivors of a race that may have once occupied a much wider region, extending, it is suggested, over India, North Africa, the Pyrenees, Switzerland, and Central America.

L. R.—In the United States there are comparatively few stone bridges of great size. Perhaps the best is the High Bridge of the Croton aqueduct, over the Harlem River at New York. Its length is 1,460 feet. One of the most remarkable modern bridges is that at Havre de Grace, over the Susquehanna River. It is 3,271 feet long, divided into twelve spans, resting upon granite piers. Suspension bridges are of very remote origin. They may be traced back to the year 65. One was formed of chains, supporting a roadway of plank resting directly upon them length 330 feet.

D. S. S.—Lobelia is a genus of plants named in honor of Matthias Lobel, a Flemish botanist. He emigrated to England, superintended for years a garden of medicinal plants, and ultimately became physician and botanist to James I. The genus lobelia is a large one, and is well represented in tropical and sub-tropical countries. About fifteen species are found in the United States east of the Mississippi River. The Indian tobacco is the most noted of American lobelias, on account of its medicinal activity. It is said to have been used by the American aborigines, and was for a time extensively employed by the so-called Thomsonian or botanic practitioners. It was used, specifically, as an emetic expectorant.

J. C. F.—All the "queer words" you mention (except selenography) come from the Greek word seismos, which means an earthquake. The "seismic area" means the tract on the earth's surface within which the shock of an earthquake is felt. A seismometer, or a seismoscope, is an instrument for measuring the duration and force of an earthquake. Seleneography is a description of the surface of the moon as geography is a description of the surface of the earth. Hence the statement you quote, that "seismology is undoubtedly closely allied with seleneography," means that earthquakes are in some way connected with or affected by the moon—an idea, by the way, which is not generally favored by scientific men.

OURS EVERMORE.

BY G. L. S.

Our fairest fancies fade away
  Like mists before the sun;
The friends we loved in Youth's bright day
  Have altered one by one;
Our pleasures are but brief and few—
  A while and they are fled;
And naught is ours unchanged and true
  Except the faithful dead.

The children leave us, and no trace
  Is left of that bright band;
But in each vacant cheerless place
  Tired men and women stand;
Yet still some little ones are ours
  That keep the smile we know—
The smile we bid 'neath pure white flowers
  One dark day long ago.

They grow not older with the years
  That rob us in their flight;
Their eyes are still undimmed by tears,
  Their laugh is sweet and light;
They come to us, when sad and lone,
  And linger by our side
With childish prattle, all our own,
  As on the day they died.

Some cruel day may see us mourn,
  Our dearest hopes o'erthrown—
May see the heart to others turn
  We fancied ours alone;
Our rarest treasures Life may steal
  And ne'er again restore,
But the dead hearts are true and leal,
  And changeless evermore!

But Once.

BY. L. J.

IT was hard to believe that Riverslea was within easy reach of the greatest city in the world. Green fields surrounded it. Leafy trees shut it away from noise and dust.

Within the white gates there was quietness, broken only by the murmur of pleasant voices and the ripple of gay young laughter. It was a pleasant party, although not a very large one. Not more than fifty people were gathered together upon the sloping sward and the level tennis-ground, and they appeared to be enjoying themselves.

Upon the terrace, bright with summer flowers, which stretched in front of the house, two persons were standing slightly apart from the rest, not taking much interest in the groups below, but talking earnestly—a fair young girl and a man. The girl was singularly graceful; while the man was well advanced in middle life, but erect and well-preserved, looking every inch the veteran soldier.

"My dear child," he was saying, "have I not told you I wish the matter may turn out as well as heart can desire? What more do you want me to say?"

"But you evidently think he is having the best of the bargain," she returned, with a slight contraction of her delicate brows.

"I repeat that I think him most fortunate."

"That is not an answer!" she cried, the shadow deepening on her brow. "You cannot imagine how I have longed to hear your real opinion of my engagement; and now, since you refuse to give it, no wonder I feel ruffled."

"Then heaven and earth are coming together!" the old man said gaily. "Why, child I never saw you ruffled in your life!"

"I can be in a temper sometimes," she replied with a slight laugh, which was not all spontaneous. "But, oh"—and she looked appealingly into his eyes—"if you think he would not have approved of—of this."

The old man drew her slim hand within his arm.

"Indeed, Leeta," he said tenderly, "I cannot possibly tell. Your dear father would have been exceedingly hard to please as regarded the person to whom he committed the safe-keeping of his only child and her fortune."

"My fortune!" she echoed bitterly. "You did right to add that."

"There, now!" he cried—"I have offended you! What an old duffer I am! But even an old duffer can have your best interests at heart. Won't you give me credit for that, my child?"

"You know I do," she answered. "But—I'm afraid you dislike—Fred."

"My dear, beyond his appearance I know absolutely nothing about him. He is a decently good-looking fellow, and—Hallo—I didn't know Diamond was a friend of yours!"

"Who?" she inquired, in some surprise.

"Why, Louis Diamond, son of my old pal, Tom Diamond, who was with me in the war, ages before you were born!" cried General Stewart, as two young men advanced towards them along the terrace.

They were both handsome, well-set-up young men, of a distinctly military type. One was dark-haired, with languid, deep-lidded black eyes, a pale face, and long drooping moustache. The other was brighter, keener, more alert, and his quick gray eyes had a pleasant expression.

"I took the opportunity of bringing my friend, Captain Diamond, along with me," the dark-eyed man said, in a slightly drawling voice. "He has just told me he has the advantage of me in knowing General Stewart."

"Why, of course he has," the old man cried joyously. "My dear boy, the first time I saw you you were in petticoats! How like your father you have grown!"

"I am glad you think so, sir. I believe the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you was when I first went to Sandhurst."

"True, true! Leeta, this is the son of the oldest friend I have on earth. His father saved my life. If this youngster is half as good as his father, he'll be a deuced sight better than most of us."

"I feel very grateful to Captain May for bringing you to see me," Leeta said, with a radiant smile.

A few moments afterwards the engaged lovers strolled away towards the tall row of lime trees overhanging the river and the lower end of the lawn. General Stewart followed them a little regretfully with his eyes.

"May has told me of his engagement, sir," Diamond said. "He is a very fortunate man."

"She is a splendid girl! That fellow is in luck," the old man said.

"I assure you he himself thinks so," Diamond returned earnestly.

"Well, well," the General said testily, "let's hope he'll prove worthy of her. It seems queer, but I can't take at all kindly to the thoughts of the marriage. Had I been at home when the thing began, I'd have set my face against it. It's too late now. I'll take good care however, that she has her bit of money tied up pretty tight. She shan't make a fool of herself if I can help it. My coguardian there, that old ape—I beg your pardon, Lady Primrose—she'd have let them marry without settlements at all. She didn't know the kind of man poor Forde was. Trust him to leave his daughter to be preyed upon by the first impecunious fortune-hunter that appeared."

"I am sure you will find Fred May satisfactory in every respect."

"I hope so," the other returned. "Seems queer, though, my having such doubts. Here's my wife; I don't think you have ever met."

Young Diamond found the bright pleasant lady, who was many years younger than her husband, so agreeable that he spent most of the afternoon by her side.

The lovers wandered away, and, when out of sight, May put his arm around the girl's slim waist and drew her to his side.

"You look as if something had annoyed you," she said tenderly.

"I am annoyed—and with good reason," he answered. "That precious Colonel of mine has refused to give me leave——"

"Oh, Fred! Then you will not be able to meet me at the Freers' to-night?" she cried, a shadow of keen disappointment falling upon her fair face.

"No," he said. "I must get back to camp."

"Then I'll write to Lady Freer and tell her not to expect me."

"Nonsense! Why should you not go and enjoy yourself, darling?"

"Enjoy myself, and you not there!" she whispered reproachfully.

"Why not? There are other men in the world," and he laughed.

"None other for me," she answered. "But I forgot—I must go, because I promised to bring Rose Vane, who has not many pleasures in her life."

"Rose Vane?" he said. "I did not think you and she were such friends."

"We are not what you might call very dear friends, but I think she is to be pitied. She has an unhappy home."

"A fair share of it is of her own making," he replied, pulling his long moustache.

"Don't say a word against her, sir!" Leeta cried, gaily. "Last year you were very fond of dancing with her."

"Was I?" he questioned abstractedly. "I forget."

"And doubtless so does she," Leeta retorted with a light laugh. "But, Fred, I must not neglect my guests."

"Oh, bother your guests! Let Lady Primrose entertain them. Come down to the riverside with me—to our favorite seat. They won't expect you back."

Then putting her hand into his, together they descended the slope to the edge of the bright running water.

When they returned Leeta went to the side of a showy well-dressed woman who was sitting in state under the shadow of a huge Japanese umbrella, set up at one end of the tennis court. Captain May strolled carelessly in another direction.

A small golden-haired girl, with thin restless lips and glittering dark eyes, was standing in the centre of a laughing group of young men. Her eyes brightened as May approached her.

"See the Conquering Hero comes!" she cried. "Please tell us how soon you are to become monarch of all you survey."

"Does the all I survey include you?" he drawled.

"No," she said, laughing and blushing. "I am no one's subject. I am as free as air. But, seriously, are we to congratulate you?"

"I suppose so," he answered. "Miss Vane, I have been sent to ask if you will have some tea."

She cast a swift searching glance at him.

"Thank you"—and her voice was very hard as she spoke—"I am not inclined for any just now."

"But you will come?" he said, standing close by her side.

She wavered for a moment, then, as if she could not resist his will, went with him towards the house.

Tea was set out in the wide cool hall, but May led his companion to the conservatory beyond. The girl was the first to speak.

"So you are really engaged to—her?" she said, in a hard, constrained voice.

"I am."

"You are a fortunate man."

"They tell me so."

"Was it to give me this information that you brought me here?"

"No—not quite."

"For what other reason, then?" She was very pale, and her brow contracted as she spoke.

"I had no particular reason, Rose, only I wanted to have a little talk with you on the old lines.

"The old lines are broken up—there is no more traffic in that direction."

She was standing inside the doorway, with her face turned from him. He advanced a step nearer.

"Would you like to know how all this came about, Rose?" he asked.

"History repeats itself. I can understand," she replied, still keeping her face averted.

"I allowed myself to be attracted by her." The man's voice was exquisitely modulated. Few women could resist its influence. "Was it very strange or wrong?"

"Not from your point of view."

"She made me notice her. I could not help myself."

"That's an old story with you," she said bitterly. "It is not new to me." She took a step farther into the conservatory. "And she has a fortune," she added with a hard laugh.

"Can't you let me speak?" he said, but not angrily. Her bitterness was very pleasant to his vanity—and then he had an object to accomplish. "Perhaps, if you had let me speak out last year, it might have saved us both pain."

"Pain?" she exclaimed. "Who speaks of pain? Not I?"

"Again I ask for a patient hearing, Rose. Surely I deserve it."

"What do you deserve from me?" She struck at a tall scarlet geranium and broke off a cluster of its brilliant blooms. "There," she cried—"I have done enough mischief for one day. I am off before I do more."

Stretching his arm across the doorway he barred her passage.

"Rose, you must hear me! For my own justification you shall hear me! Rose, she sent a message to me by her aunt, saying that she liked me. Now, what do you say?"

"That it was very unlike Leeta, and that I disbelieve every word you say!" the girl answered, with flashing eyes, looking him full in the face.

"Ask Lady Primrose," he said

"I will not ask anyone," she returned. "Let me pass; I do not want to be seen speaking to you. Are you going to Lady Freer's?"

"I am not. I must return to camp"

"Ah!" she said, with a curl of her thin lip. "Are the golden chains beginning to gall already?"

"You are a witch," he said, endeavoring to take her hand; but she prevented him.

"Did I not tell you that the old lines were broken up?" she said.

"You are impracticable," he whispered. "Rose, you will not try to injure me with Leeta?"

She looked at him with pain unutterable in her white, drawn face.

"So that is the conclusion of the whole matter!" she said, in a breathless whisper. "I thought as much."

"But you will not?"

"I promise nothing!" she cried, and darted past him into the garden.

He looked after her with a faint smile.

"She is safe to say nothing, if only for her own sake," he said, and went to meet his betrothed.

* * * * * *

"You are a fortunate fellow," Diamond said, as the two young men were returning to town.

"Think so? She is a fine-looking girl, and has a tidy bit of money. I am doing a good stroke of business"—and May lit a cigarette.

"She has the makings of a noble woman!" Diamond said enthusiastically.

"'Pon my word, I think you are a bit smitten!" drawled the other. "No use trying to poach, old fellow; it's too late."

"What nonsense you talk!" Diamond replied sharply. "You forget that even if I had the wish to behave like a scoundrel—which I haven't—I sha'n't have the chance. I'm away to-morrow."

"So you are. By-the-way, I don't envy you. It will be all over when you get back; then you may see 'Benedict, the married man.'"

"Miss Forde is an orphan?"

"Yes; she is in the blessed position of being an unencumbered heiress."

"Is the old lady who presides at Riverslea no relation?"

"I wish Lady Primrose heard you!" May said, laughing. "Why, man, she considers herself in the bloom of youth and beauty!"

"What a fool she must be. But is she no relation?"

"Only an aunt by marriage. Leeta is delightfully free from all control. There will not be any awkward fuss about settlements."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Of course I am! She is of age; and after all, there was only Lady Primrose to deal with. She was easily squared."

"I think you will find you have been misled."

Captain May turned upon him sharply.

"What——" he began, but checked the words upon his lips. "My dear fellow," he went on, in his ordinary languid tone, "what can you know about the matter? You never saw Miss Forde before."

"I think you will find that General Stuart has a voice in the business."

"What—that old sentry-box who appeared upon the scene to-day. Oh, nonsense!"

"I think, if you inquire, you will not find it nonsense," Diamond said.

"Did he tell you he was concerned in it?"

"Yes—he did tell me so."

"And he mentioned money matters?"

"Yes. I think you had better conciliate him. You may find that things are not so smooth as you imagine. Stewart will be a tough customer."

May did not reply, but sat looking out of the window, while Diamond buried his face in an evening paper.

When they reached the station Captain May hurried off to a telegraph office. The message he dispatched ran thus:—

"Be my friend for once. Find out, for old sakes' sake, what General has to say to L.—TONY."

* * * * * *

Leeta Forde looked very lovely as she stood before the mirror, ready for the dance.

"Dear, fussy old guardy," she was murmuring to herself. "How little you understand Fred! Tie up my money? Well, what difference can it make to either of us? We do not love each other because there are some thousands lying in the bank to my credit. My lover loves me—me, not Riverslea and so much hard cash!"

Her reflection smiled back at her as she stood examining her dress with critical eyes. She felt a certain satisfaction in her beauty, and she was very happy. Hitherto life had been, with the bright exception of three brief years, just a little lonely to the young heiress. Born in India, she had been sent home in infancy to live amongst strangers, a sad-eyed little maiden, who never knew a mother's love, for Mrs. Forde had not survived her daughter's birth. She had a pitiful childhood; but the sunshine came when her father, succeeding to the title and estates of his family, returned home and took her to live with him.

She had been very happy then—so happy that now, with her lover at her feet, she looked back with a sweet regret to the days spent at her father's knee. For Sir Henry Forde had died just when she most needed his care. At eighteen she was an orphan—beautiful, clever, and rich, only a little spoiled and reckless of the world's opinion.

The title and estates passed to a distant branch of the family; but her father's foresight had endowed her amply—so amply that, being in a small way a prize in the matrimonial market, Sir Henry chose two of the best men he knew to fill the important post of guardians to his darling. One was the brother of his dead wife, the other an old friend and brother-officer, who had been his chosen comrade in more than one campaign.

Shortly after Sir Henry Forde's death Sir John Primrose made a very unwise marriage. The lady was neither rich nor young—only a vain empty-headed woman, who, before her first marriage, had made some fleeting impression upon him. He never discovered the mistake he had made, for in little over a year after the wedding he had died suddenly, still believing in her.

Leeta Forde had now reached woman's estate; and who could have found fault with her when, in the absence of her surviving guardian, she chose her uncle's widow as her companion and chaperon. The choice however proved an unfortunate one, for the foolish woman turned out to be about one of the worst possible guides for a lovely impulsive girl.

Riversleа became the haunt of every impecunious fortune-hunter who could manage to obtain an introduction to the elderly belle presiding there. But Leeta's intuitive sense of what was true and pure kept her safe. Suitor after suitor came and went, but the prize remained unwon.

Then the heiress met her fate at Henley, in the shape of Alfred May. He was paying attention to another girl at the time, and therefore did not display the usual precipitation through which more worthy men had spoiled their chances of success.

He took matters coolly, and, as his fancy for the other girl waned managed to steer his course so well that he won the confidence of the heiress without any abrupt frosture of his relationships elsewhere.

Very dexterously he secured Lady Primrose's favor, and learned from her all there was to tell about Leeta's fortune. Consequently matters ran exceedingly smooth.

And Leeta loved him. Gifted by nature with an unusual share of good looks, he had also about him a singular attractiveness which even those who knew his failings could not resist.

To the ardent imaginative girl he appeared as a hero or a demi-god. She gave him her whole heart, trusting him all in all.

She was descending the wide stairs, with the tender smile upon her lips which happy thoughts had left there, when a tiny note was put into her hand. It ran—

"Dearest Leeta—Forgive me for crying off at the last moment. A dreadful attack of neuralgia came on just as I reached home. I could not think of venturing out while it lasts. Please say something pretty for me to Lady Freer.

"Yours in torture, "Rose."

Leeta felt provoked. It was on Rose Vane's account she had determined to go to this ball, and to be thus thrown over at the last moment was something more than annoying. Moreover, Lady Freer had not invited her chaperon but then, as the hostess was an old friend of her father's, there was no impropriety in his daughter's going to the dance alone.

It was past eleven when she reached Lady Freer's, and the rooms were well filled when she made her way to her hostess' side.

"Oh, Lady Freer," she cried, "I am all alone! Will you allow me to take shelter under your wing?"

"Certainly, my dear," the kindly woman replied; "but you will not be very long there. Half the men in the room are wild to dance with you. Here's Mr. Diamond for one!"

And Lady Freer was right. Leeta did not lack partners; but she enjoyed the three or four dances which she had with her lover's friend more than all the rest. Diamond was faithful to his friend. He had much to say for the absent one; and the girl listened to him with a soft dreamy expression in her eyes which imparted an infinite charm to her beauty.

It was a successful party; but, just as the dawn came creeping up the sky, a sharp thunder-storm came on, and torrents of rain began to fall. Leeta's carriage was at the door, and she stood in the hall with her last partner, Louis Diamond, while outside the rain poured down in a deluge.

"Surely you are not thinking of walking home?" she said, as he led her to the dainty brougham.

"I see nothing else for it," he answered laughingly. "All the cabs have vanished. But, after all, I haven't far to go, and I shan't melt."

"If I am going in your direction I could help you," she said.

"I am staying in Kensington," he returned, while his heart began to throb wildly.

"I drive through the High Street!" she cried gaily. "Jump in! I can leave you near home."

The temptation was great. He did not pause to consider; he never thought of consequences.

"I start away to day on a journey," he said vaguely. "Who knows when we shall meet again?"—and he took his place by her side.

* * * * * *

In his quarters at the camp Alfred May sat and reflected over a letter.

"You ask me to be your friend," it began abruptly. "You men expect miracles. Do you think we women have no hearts to feel, no passions to soothe, no memories to fill our souls with burning pain? Have you forgotten that only a short year ago you were my lover, although you were sufficiently cautious to avoid the use of the word itself, even while you were doing all a man could do to make me believe you loved me?

"Now you coolly request me to be your friend. You ask me, for old sakes' sake, to find out if the wealth for which you forsook me will fall into your hands when the person who must be taken along with it becomes your wife.

"No—it won't! Every cent is strictly tied up; and a man who makes no secret of his dislike and mistrust of you has things pretty much in his own hands. You will have the enjoyment of a fine income, but not one dollar of ready money.

"You might contrive to raise the sum you inquire, but the man you have to deal with has already acknowledged his suspicions of your good faith. I have had considerable trouble to find out all this; but I neither flinched nor failed until I had discovered all you cared to know.

"You will have a life interest in the big fortune—nothing more. I happen to know that this will not suit your plans. Those troublesome persons in the city must be satisfied. This is not the way to do it. But can you back out with honor? I am only a poor forsaken girl, yet I might find a way to help you—that is, supposing you want help. Be frank with me, if it is possible for you to be frank with any one, and we shall see."

Thus abruptly the missive began and ended. May read it over carefully more than once, then he tore it into atoms and flung it away.

"So ends that golden dream!" he muttered. "I am glad I found out before it was too late." A heavy cloud gathered upon his brow, and his lips twitched curiously under his carefully-trimmed moustache. "The old fool! Was she herself deceived, or did she want to trap me? I could have managed her; but that old fellow—— No—there would be no chance of humbugging him.

"Then Leeta—could I depend upon her? If it were Rose, she would be ready to stick to me through thick and thin. She is devoted to me, poor little soul! The very way she fights me proves that. But Leeta thinks far too much of herself. Can I back out with honor? We'll see. Poor wee Rose—I did go a little too far with her! But she's rare fun, and she cannot deny that she met me half way."

He spent two hours over a couple of letters which the same postman the next day delivered at two houses not five hundred yards apart.

At the same hour Louis Diamond was sitting in a dingy railway-car, sweeping through a mist of rain on his way to join his regiment far away. It was a miserable morning, and the dismal scenery through which the train rattled on its way looked wretched and forlorn. He was not in the happiest frame of mind. A new element had crept into his life, transforming it, filling it with new meanings and aspirations to which he had hitherto been a stranger.

A pair of earnest eyes, a rose-tipped mouth full of tenderness, a voice soft and sweet, a graceful form nested by his side in the chill dusk of a stormy morning—was his life to be henceforth haunted by the memory of these things?

Was he to become, even in thought, a traitor to the man whom he called friend? Yet could he help himself? How sweet she was! What quaint frankness there was about her despite her statoliness! How could he choose but think of her?

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Early in the New Year Captain Diamond was recalled to join the battalion of his regiment, which was quartered within easy reach of the city. During the past months he had heard nothing of the woman whose face had haunted him and whose memory was never absent from him since the July morning when she had sat by his side and made him talk to her of the man she loved. Now she was out of reach for ever—a married woman, the wife of his friend.

He was standing in the smoking-room of his club. A cruel east-wind swept past the wide windows, and the pavements were sticky with black mud; but it was "town," and the young man's heart rejoiced.

"Hallo! Welcome back!"

The speaker was a brother-officer, an old acquaintance who was "well up" in all the gossip of the clubs and also of the circle to which they both belonged.

"You would wish me joy of my return to civilization if you but knew all," Diamond replied, shaking hands with his friend. "You could form no idea of how far behind everything is on the other side of the Channel unless you were there for half a year, as I have been. I feel as much out of it as if I had been in Lapland."

"Poor fellow! Let us have a good gossip. I have been in town off and on for the last four months, and I flatter myself I'm pretty well posted upon things in general."

Diamond let him talk "shop" for a bit, and then, in the most natural way in the world, led the conversation round to the topic nearest to his heart.

"Has May remained in the service since his marriage?" he asked.

The man stared at him.

"May isn't married," he said.

On hearing this a swift thrill of joy ran through Diamond's veins.

"He was engaged to a girl with a lot of money when I last saw him. Did the relatives break off the match?" he asked.

"Well, you have been at the back of the world with a vengeance!" the other responded. "The whole affair went to smash six months ago. May is in India. It wasn't his fault. He couldn't well marry a girl who was 'out' by every one, you know."

"Do you mean to say the lady in question did something which caused a scandal? I don't understand you."

"Well, after all, there was not so very much to make a fuss over. Lots of women do far worse, and no one says a word. But then she was a girl who set public opinion at defiance, and who did things in a high-handed way, which set other women talking. I don't wonder in the least at May's cutting up rough about the business. I'm an easy-going enough chap myself, but I'm hanged if I'd have stood it! I wouldn't have gone so far and lost a charming girl and a tidy income by it, but I'd have made a row."

"Go on," said Diamond; "you can't imagine how interested I am!"

"Are you? It's all such old news now that I almost forget the beginning of the affair. Oh, you know he was engaged to this heiress. Thought he had it all his own way. No bother at all over settlements and all that—told me so himself in this very room. I knew that he was deuced hard up—that he had dropped a great deal more than he could afford at Kempton for one thing—and there were other things too.

"I heard—but it was only a rumor—that there was an old guardian who turned up unexpectedly, and who made a very considerable change in the aspect of affairs—that, in fact, Master Fred did not find things as smooth as he expected. Be that as it may, just then tongues began to wag rather freely, and awkward things were said. I didn't believe the half the them; but it appears that the lady went to a big ball without a chaperone, danced all night with a man she met but once, and"—the speaker lowered his voice—"actually took him home in her carriage!"

Diamond's brain absolutely reeled.

"Can you wonder that May was furious when the story reached him?" the speaker went on. "He dashed up to town and demanded an explanation; but she wouldn't give it; she is as proud as Lucifer, and she has a temper. May said she flew at him like a tiger—stuck to it that she had done nothing wrong, and wouldn't tell who the man was. Then the engagement was broken off; May posed as an injured lover and went abroad.

"I heard the other day that he was leaving the service and coming home. I don't think it likely. You'll meet people who will tell you that the whole thing was a put-up business, and that May wanted an excuse to cry off as soon as he found there was no ready money forthcoming. I can't say whether it's the truth or not; I know he was uncommonly hard up."

"Where is the lady now?" Diamond asked, controlling his voice.

"At Riversleа, of course. Old Stewart and his wife are living with her. They turned that old fool lady Primrose adrift. A jolly good riddance too! Miss Forde has dropped out of society. I must say it is her own doing. She carries a high head, and won't know any one who was cool to her when the story was ringing all over the place. I think she's right; I always thought there was spite at the bottom of the whole business."

Captain Diamond gave utterance to a strong word or two.

"Hallo," cried the other—"you take it hotly! Are you in it, old boy?"

"I am the man she met but once," he said. "If any one has a word to say against the lady, let him say it to me!"

* * * * * *

The icy wind was sweeping the desolate road as Diamond walked rapidly from the railway-station to Riversleа. He was giving way to an irresistible impulse. He had not waited to think out the proprieties of the case; he felt there was one thing to be done, and that without delay.

He must see her, and see General Stewart too, and tell him—— He scarcely knew what he meant to tell his father's friend—he would trust to chance for the words he must speak; only he must make plain to all the world that he was the champion of this noble girl whom he had inadvertently wronged.

There were no flowers upon the terraces around the beautiful house. In the fading light of the gray winter evening the ground looked desolate and forlorn; through the leafless lime-trees at the farther end of the lawn a white mist was creeping up from the river and blurring the view beyond.

Across the upper terrace, where he had first seen her standing in all the pride of her fair young beauty and her happy love, fell a stream of warm light from the window of the drawing-room.

His heart throbbed painfully as he approached the door. After all, what right had he to intrude upon her self-chosen seclusion—he whom she had met but once, he to whom she owed the slight foundation of the scandal which had clouded her life?

With his hand upon the bell, he half hesitated to ring it. Would it not be wiser to turn back and write to her guardian the true account of the matter?

While passing irresolutely the door flew open, and the voice which had haunted his memory for many a day cried gaily—

"We heard you, you dear old thing! Come in; you must be quite frozen!" Then came a stifled cry. She staggered back into the hall. "You," she faltered—"you!"

"Miss Forde"—he stepped across the threshold and seized her hand—"I—I have been away."

"Why, it's Captain Diamond!" cried a pleasant voice.

He let fall her hand and turned and saw Mrs. Stewart, who came forward from the open door of the drawing-room.

"We thought it was my husband," she said. "Leeta always goes to meet him."

"Is General Stewart not at home?" he stammered. "I—have some business with him—I came to see him."

"He will be back directly; we expect him every moment," said the smiling lady. "Leeta, will you order tea? What a wretched evening it is! And so you have been on the other side?"

Captain Diamond managed to say something, and they contrived to carry on a desultory conversation; but they were

evidently ill-at-ease. Between two of them a sea of memories was surging. Leeta avoided the young man's eyes, and he shrank from addressing her, while Mrs. Stewart talked at random; but Diamond felt as if the worst were over when a loud cheery peal rang through the hall.

"Here is my husband!" cried the elder lady, with a smile.

"No one to open the door—no one to bid me welcome! You bad pair! Eh? Why—what it's Louis Diamond! Did you drop from the clouds, young man?"—and General Stewart shook the young fellow warmly by the hand.

"I come from the land of clouds, sir," said Louis. "I have been abroad for the last six months."

"Abroad? So that's where you have been hiding? Well, now that you are here, you are not to run away; I have a dozen things to say to you. You'll stay for dinner? Oh, bother your clothes! The young women will excuse you for this once—won't you, girls?"

Diamond made some feeble demur; but the General was determined to keep him, and ere long he found himself in the cosy snuggery which was known to the household as "the General's study."

But, now that he was alone with the old man—now that there was nothing to prevent him from speaking freely—he felt as if he could not refer to the subject that was occupying his mind.

"Well, we've had a blessed riddance since you were here last," said the General abruptly. "That young jackanapes has shied off. I am right glad he did! He turned out a thoroughly bad lot. I suppose you have been hearing a fine pack of stories about my girl?"

"No, sir; I heard only one, and that one I have come here to set right."

Diamond had found voice and courage; there was no hesitation in his speech now. The General stared at him.

"What do you know of the abominable story which the righteous folk put together about my girl?"

"As much as she does herself," Louis answered. "Has she not told you the name of the man she met but once?"

"No."

"Then I will. It was I!"

"You?" the old man gasped. "You?"

"Yes—I myself! In the kindness of her innocent heart, knowing that her carriage would pass the door of the house where I was staying, she offered me a seat home because of the storm. The fault, if there was any, lay altogether with me. I ought to have remembered that she was doing me a kindness at the risk of having herself talked about. I— Well, she is a free woman; I am at liberty to speak. The truth is I was too deeply impressed by her to throw away what I thought would be my last chance of having a few moments in her society. Can you blame me, sir?"

"Blame you? Faith, it's just the sort of thing I'd have done myself when I was your age! But why didn't she say it was you?"

"That I cannot understand. Perhaps she was afraid of causing a quarrel between May and me. There can be no other reason for it. At any rate, I feel bound to set the thing right."

"I'd dearly like to have the thrashing of May! He must have had a hand in spreading the story. But all's well that ends well. My boy, the course is clear!"

"I'm not so sanguine, sir. I fear Miss Forde will not readily forgive the part I took in the matter. In fact, I feel that I cannot forgive myself."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried the old man. "Leeta is no fool. She ought to be very much obliged to you for opening her eyes to the fellow's true character and helping her to be rid of him. Don't be faint-hearted, man; it never pays! Make a dash for it, and trust to me for backing."

Their hands met in a fervent clasp.

"I will, sir," said Louis Diamond.

From that evening he was a constant visitor at Riversies. At first Leeta avoided him. He created a disturbing element in the life which, she resolved, was to be loveless till the end.

She had suffered more keenly than those around her could understand. It had not been so much May's falseness as his want of confidence in her which had cut her to the heart.

Diamond's presence reminded her of a bitter humiliation which she wished to cast from her memory for ever—to put out of her life, even as she tried hard to banish from her mind the recollection of the time when she lived in a fool's paradise and one day found herself forsaken therein.

So the winter dragged away, and, with bitter winds and late frosts, the spring at length brought back the flowers. With the primroses and daffodils came a change in the proud girl's heart. Little by little her manner softened to Diamond. More than once he saw her color rise when he came unexpectedly into her presence; she began to listen when he spoke, to take an interest in the things which pleased him; and the old General's eyes twinkled merrily when Louis spoke of ceasing his visits.

It was a dreamy day in late April; Diamond had not been at Riversies for more than a week, and Leeta wondered at his absence. Had he known how much his absence troubled her he would have rejoiced.

In a restless mood very unusual to her she walked along the road to the station—a thing she had not done for many a day. She seldom cared to venture alone outside the boundaries of her own domain.

In a frame of mind curiously at variance with her habitual self-control she wandered on through the quiet lane, thinking of all that had happened since last she had seen the primroses blooming in the hollows and heard the cuckoo's call.

Then her thoughts turned to this new friend who had come to her out of the evil past—turned to the strange way in which they were linked together by the foul slander which had parted her from the man to whom she had given her heart's first devotion.

How deeply she had been mistaken in him was only too clear to her now. It was a bitter knowledge; but she did not shrink from it as she had done at first, only she felt sorely ashamed of having placed faith in one so unworthy.

"Leeta Forde!"

The voice rang sharply on the still warm air, causing her to start from her reverie and look up.

On the path before her stood the girl whom she had befriended in the old days, and who had been one of the bitterest against her when the ugly stories were passing from mouth to mouth in the neighborhood.

"Miss Vane!" she said, drawing back.

"Even so," the other replied; "I was on my way to your house. You are surprised at my speaking to you? When you have heard all I have to say I question very much if you will speak to me."

"I have no wish to hear anything from you," Leeta answered coldly. "There is nothing to be said between us."

"Yes, there is. I have that to say which you must hear. You must listen, whether you wish it or not!"

She was trembling all over, and her voice shook. Leeta saw that a terrible change had taken place in her. The black eyes were fever-bright, the cheeks wan and hollow, and around the thin lips were deep lines.

"Do you know who it was that set afloat the story which Alfred May used to so good a purpose?" she demanded. "It was I. I did it at his instigation. He never loved you," she went on recklessly. "The moment he found out that your money would not come into his possession if he married you he wanted to be free. Knowing his power over me, he asked me to help him out of the difficulty."

Leeta shrank back. The other laughed, a bitter laugh.

"You yourself put the weapon into my hand," she resumed. "Innocently you mentioned in my presence that you had danced a great deal with some man at the ball to which I did not go, having received a telegram from Alfred May which gave me a task to perform. Then I made a little more out of a servant whom you had dismissed.

"There was only the trifling business of embroidering facts very slightly, and an exceedingly effective scandal was ready to be launched upon society. It had the great advantage of possessing a few grains of truth. You lent it a helping hand—did just what was requested of you.

"Your pride took fire; you quarreled with the man who had been my lover, whom you stole from me. It was my revenge. Now the end has come. Do you care to know it? The man who tricked us both has married a low-born woman, with half a million of money. Has he not done well?

"Up to the last he wrote to me in the old tone—fooled me to the top of my bent! I thought—— No matter what I thought; my life is done. I am going away, leaving for ever the place which the remembrance of these things has made hateful to me. I want to ask your pardon; but it is a harder task than I thought."

Leeta's heart was full of pity for the miserable girl.

"You have done me no real injury," she said gently. "Let us forget; the past is past."

"Yes," a deep voice broke in—"let us forget it all. In reality you deserve Miss Forde's heartfelt thanks. You did her no wrong—at least, no lasting wrong."

Leeta turned with a start. Louis Diamond was at her side. Her heart leaped suddenly and sent the blood flying to her face. He took her hand and drew it within his arm. She let it rest there.

Rose Vane looked at the two standing thus in the sunshine, and her thin lips twitched painfully.

"You are a happy woman, Leeta Forde," she said bitterly. "You have found a true man, who will love you faithfully until death parts you and him; but for me"—with a shivering sob—"my life is done—yours is at the dawn. I ask no one's pity—yours least of all. What I did was for my love's sake. If he bade me do it again I could not choose but obey him, because"—her voice rang out in a pitiful wail which neither of them ever forgot—"Heaven help me, I love him still! That is my punishment. Good-bye! I will cross your path no more." She turned, went swiftly down the lane, and was soon lost to sight.

Leeta and Diamond did not speak, but, arm linked in arm, walked slowly between the budding hedgerows, with the birds singing and the sun shining brightly over their heads.

When they reached the gate of Riverslea Diamond took the path leading to the river; and now his hand rested upon the slender fingers clasped upon his arm, and they did not shrink from the tender touch.

They walked thus, in silence more eloquent than speech, with the river laughing in the sunshine and all the land rejoicing in the spring. At length Louis broke the long pause.

"Do you think the poor soul spoke the truth?" he whispered, bending his head until his moustache almost touched the fair cheek. "Do you believe that here is a true man who will love you faithfully until death?"

She made no answer in words, only the little hand nestled more closely in his. He put his arm around her and drew her close to him.

"Leeta," he murmured—"Leeta, will you believe me when I tell you that I have loved you from the first moment I saw your face?"

She gave one swift timid glance into the passionate eyes fixed upon her, and her head dropped low.

"I can believe anything," she breathed, with her head upon his breast—"anything you tell me!"

HE CAME HOME.—A New Yorker who has spent time and money in developing carrier-pigeons, and who may be called Jones, was boasting at his club one night of the great flights that his pigeons had made, when another man, who may be called Brown, said:

"I'll bet you the best dinner the club can furnish for every one present that you haven't a pigeon that can fly from Philadelphia to New York."

"It will be simply robbery," said Jones; "but I'll take your bet."

Brown stipulated that he should carry the pigeon to Philadelphia himself, and he did so. Before releasing the bird he clipped its wings, and then he returned to New York by a slow train.

"Well, I released your pigeon in Philadelphia this morning," he said to Jones that night at the club—"has he returned yet?"

"Not yet," said Jones.

The next day Brown again asked Jones about the bird, and, when Jones admitted that his pigeon had not come back, claimed the bet. The owner of the pigeon said that he would not admit defeat.

The pigeon did not show up on the second day; but on the third day, when Brown asked jeeringly, "Isn't it about time for that dinner? I don't suppose your pigeon has returned," Jones replied promptly, "Yes, he has; but—er—well, his feet are very sore."

Brown paid the bet.

RATHER mistrust too soon than be deceived too late.

At Home and Abroad.

It is a pretty well-known fact that most of the deaths that occur on the field of battle result from bleeding to death before surgical aid arrives. The French government has under consideration a scheme for tattooing the soldiers of the French Army with a certain mark over each artery, so that a wounded man would be able to stanch the flow of blood himself and thus increase his chance of living.

We all have a predilection for high sounding names. The White Mountains are well enough; but we are more deeply impressed by Mont Blanc. The Bosphorus is a more poetic place than Oxford, though the meaning of both names is the same. Montenegro fills our ears and raises our expectations higher than could any mere black mountain. "The Big River" is but a nickname, and yet we accept the equivalent Guadalquiver and Rio Grande. Bridgeport is as prosaic as may be, while Alcantara has a remote and romantic aroma, and yet the latter word signifies only "the bridge." And thus it is in many cases, when a simple meaning is veiled by an imposing word.

The inhabitants of Iceland are commended as truly honest people. Cases of theft are almost unknown to them, and a murder does not happen in a generation. There is only one policeman on the islands, who spends six months of the year in the north, and the rest of the time in Reikiavik, where the only jail is situated. According to the islanders, this prison is a magnificent building in that it is built of stone, and they think it is a direct invitation to wrong-doing, as an inmate of the prison lives in a nice room enjoys the privilege of reposing on a real bed, and eating bread at meals—luxuries in which the ordinary Icelander scarcely ever has the opportunity of indulging himself. In spite of these choice temptations, however, the Reikiavik prison is nearly always empty.

The funeral customs among some of the Swiss are most peculiar. As the death of a person the family inserts a formal, black-edged announcement in the papers asking for sympathy and stating that the mourning urn will be exhibited during certain hours on a special day. In front of the house where the person died there is placed a little black table, covered with a black cloth, on which stands a black jar. Into this the friends and acquaintances of the family drop little black-margined visiting cards, sometimes with a few words of sympathy on them. The urn is put out on the table on the day of the funeral. None except men ever go to the churchyard, and they generally follow the hearse on foot.

In Persia every child is taught to read and write, but scarcely anything is read but the Koran. The Persians adhere in chemistry to the old notion of four elements. In astronomy they are in accord with the exploded theory which maintains that the sun moves around the earth. In other sciences, as presented in printed books, their position is the same, although of course the higher educated are better taught. In the actual processes of art and manufactures, with samples of western products before them, they are skilful imitators. In some obvious particulars they are also behind the age. One day's work in the richer agricultural districts will support a man for a week. They have two fashions for clothing—one for summer and one for winter. House doors are left unfastened, thieves and robbers are scarce. Of course there are exceptions to this pleasant picture. The earning of twenty-five to fifty dollars a year is sufficient living income.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Our Young Folks.

IN THE LAW'S HANDS.

BY C. H.

LILLIE had gone to bed early, for she was very tired after having spent the afternoon in the park with a party of her school-mates. They had played "hide and go seek," and "drop the handkerchief," and "blind man's buff," until they were all quite worn out, so as soon as tea was over Lillie had kissed her mother good-night and gone up to her little room in the third story, and was soon in bed.

But somehow, although she was so tired, she could not sleep. First she turned on her right side and then on her left, and then back again on her right. Then she shut her eyes tight and tried not to think of anything; but this she found very hard to do. But at last she lay quiet, and was just going off into the land of dreams, when she was startled by a sound which all at once brought her back to herself. It seemed to come from the other side of the heavy window curtains, and sounded like some one's breathing.

She listened again. Yes, there was no mistaking it, there was certainly some one in the room.

"Oh, dear; oh, dear," thought poor, frightened little Lillie; "it's a burglar—I know it is."

Just then she saw the window curtains move ever so slightly, and the sound of stealthy footsteps reached her ear.

"Oh, whatever shall I do," she thought. That dreadful regular breathing was coming nearer and nearer.

She covered her head with the sheet and tried to shut out the sound.

"My watch that papa gave me my last birthday is on the bureau, and my pearl ring is there, too. He can take them if he wishes; but oh, I do wish he would go away."

But the burglar evidently had no such intention, for presently Lillie heard him crawl under the bed and lie down, as if he intended to stay there.

By this time she was fully aroused to the importance of doing something. She had a horrible fear that if she screamed the burglar would come out and clap a hand over her mouth.

Besides, she knew that her father was out, and her mother and brother Tom away downstairs in the library, where it would have taken a louder scream than a poor, frightened little girl could give to reach them.

"Now," she thought, "I must not let him know that I have heard him. That would never do, I'll make believe that I have just waked up."

She turned over and gave an audible yawn.

"Oh, dear," she said aloud, "how very warm it has grown. (Perhaps he won't hurt me if I leave my watch and pearl ring)," she thought to herself.

"I am very thirsty," she continued aloud. "I think I will have to go downstairs and get a drink."

Still no sound from the burglar, except his regular breathing.

Encouraged by this, Lillie sat up in bed. For a moment she clasped her hands and said a prayer, and then, with considerable hesitation, put one foot out on the carpet, half expecting that it would be seized by a hand from under the bed. As nothing of the sort happened, she ventured the other foot.

Then she hastily made her way across the room and out into the hall, closing the door after her. She turned the key, which fortunately happened to be on the outside, and then fled down the two flights of stairs as fast as her feet would carry her.

Her mother and Tom, who were both reading, were much startled at the sight of the white-robed, pale-faced little figure that burst in upon them.

"Why, what is the matter, Lillie?" asked the former.

"It's a burglar," answered Lillie in a terror-stricken whisper.

"What's a burglar?" asked Tom, beginning to laugh.

"The man under my bed," she replied. "He has been walking about my room for over so long. First he was hiding in the window curtains, and now he is lying under the bed. I suppose he is waiting until the lights are out, and then he means to take the silver. I've locked my door, so he can't get out."

Mrs. Scott was quite alarmed by this time. She questioned Lillie a little more particularly, and then said:

"Tom, you had better go at once for a policeman. It is most unfortunate that your father is not at home."

Tom got his hat and started out and was back within five minutes, accompanied by two sturdy officers of the law.

"You had better not come, ma'am," said one of them to Mrs. Scott, as they started, clubs in hand, to follow Tom up the stairs. "Those sneaks is often ugly customers."

Lillie wrapped herself in a shawl and sat down close beside her mother and listened. The sound of the key being turned in the lock reached them from upstairs, then the footsteps entering the room, after which all was silent for some minutes.

The next thing that they heard was a hearty laugh from Tom, which was echoed by the two policeman, and then all three began to descend the stairs.

Lillie clung close to her mother as they came in sight.

There, held in the iron grasp of one of the officers, was, not the desperate-looking man that they had expected to see, but a poor, frightened little skye terrier, which was whining piteously.

"Here's your burglar, Lillie," said Tom, pointing to the little dog.

"That's him, miss," laughed the policeman. "He must have run in some time during the day when the door was open. Poor little beast, he looks as though he had had bad treatment."

He certainly had been sadly neglected, for his long hair was all matted together and one little paw had received an ugly cut.

"Poor fellow," said Lillie, stroking his head, "to think that I should have been afraid that you were going to steal my watch, is it not too funny?"

The dog licked her hand and gave her an appealing look that seemed to say:

"He kind to me, little lady. I did not mean to frighten you."

"Oh, mama, do let me keep him tonight, begged Lillie. "Just see how hungry he looks."

After a moment's consideration, Mrs. Scott consented that he should stay.

"His owner will probably come and claim him in a day or so," she said.

After all, Lillie did not get to bed until quite late that night, for she waited up to see the little skye bathed, combed and fed, and very cunning he looked afterwards curled up in the box in which Tom fixed a comfortable bed for him.

The whole family soon became attached to him, and no one was sorry that the advertisement which they put in the paper did not bring a claimant for their little pet.

And so he stayed, and Lillie named him Jack, but Tom never called him anything but the "burglar."

THE FALL OF PRIDE.

"Oh, my friend," said the proud Chanticleer to a Duck, which, in its usual waddling way of walking, it met coming through the barnyard, "where on earth did you ever learn that stylish manner of promenading? It certainly must have been some dandified dancing master who first gave you the idea of it. Now, I myself," continued the proud bird, "have lived in the world a great deal, and have seen many things, but anything to compare with your graceful ideas of locomotion is out of the question.

"Quite a number of our hens are of opinion that I'm something in the way of taste myself when I take a walk, and that even the Peacock doesn't surpass me in magnificence, but I must confess that I lower my colors to you, Miss Duck, when it comes to a handsome carriage of the person."

Without making any reply whatever to these ironical remarks, the Duck quietly slipped into the pond right at hand for her morning swim. With his head poised contemptuously, Mr. Chanticleer stood on the bank watching her.

Suddenly there was a shot fired. Half frightened out of his senses, the rooster attempted to suddenly fly away from what it conceived to be a rather dangerous locality, and fell into the water. There it was totally helpless. It splashed with its legs, it stretched out its neck, beat the surface into a foam with its wings, which gradually becoming water soaked, it could finally raise no longer, and, trying to reach the shore, it circled round and round in one spot in the most absurd and ridiculous manner, expecting every second to be its last.

"Well, my pretty friend," now remarked the Duck to the struggling Mr. Chanticleer, "with all your experience of the world, and your knowledge of politeness and civilization, it doesn't appear you've acquired the ability to swim. Now, I'll give you some advice: Hereafter don't laugh at or scorn others; don't pride yourself too much on your own superiority before those who may excel in things of which you know nothing. And try to remember, while some may not be very graceful in the walk, they may understand how to swim."

F. T. H.

OF ESQUIMO DOGS.

The Esquimo dogs are among the best natured creatures in the world, for all they are often half starved and beaten unmercifully by their masters. Three hundred pounds is not considered too great a weight for seven dogs to drag over the ice.

When the Esquimo go hunting they strap on the backs of the dogs a panier containing the provisions and ammunition. Unlike other varieties of the same species, these dogs have no regular bark, but they will rush upon a stranger with a low growl. They are not good as watch dogs, however, and cannot be taught to protect their masters' property. The fur trade is carried on entirely by their aid, some stations employing as many as 200 dogs, as they are capable of enduring intense cold and can make a continuous pull of twenty-one hours duration.

The moon has a strange, exciting influence over them. Often when the train is dragging slowly along, tired out from traveling all day, if the moon rises, the whole pack will prick up their ears, brighten up and make a fresh start. The traders take advantage of this peculiarity and often lie over during the day so as to travel by night.

The Alaska dog is a rollicking, playful little fellow, full of mischievous tricks, and very companionable. At home, they crowd about the entrance to their masters' dwellings, huddling together to keep warm, till they almost fill its underground passageway.

An Esquimo hut is a very simple, primitive structure, consisting of a cellar dug down several feet into the ground, with a mound of mud erected over it. A hole is made in the roof to emit the smoke from the owner's fire.

Here, in semi-darkness and almost blinded by smoke, the natives hibernate, in a most degraded condition, the whole family in one small room seldom venturing out during the intense cold winter, unless compelled by hunger.

To enter this dwelling, one must crawl upon hands and knees over a living carpet of dogs, but the little creatures never show the least signs of ill-temper, although an occasional yelp tells when some individual is pressed too closely or pinched by the process.

The puppies are kept inside the house and roll about the floor with the fur-clad babies in a very fraternal manner. The Esquimo used to have a barbarous custom of throwing their dead out on the ground, without burial, outside their villages, and leave them there for the dogs to devour, but this inhuman practice has now ceased.

But the natives have not yet outgrown the superstitious belief that their souls when they die pass into the form of dogs to revisit the earth, this being the way in which they account for the particular intelligence of these animals.

The Esquimo dog rarely goes mad, but he sometimes has a disease similar to hydrophobia. The dog under its influence will rush blindly in a straight line, snapping at everything it meets, and usually dies in about two days from the time of the first symptoms appearing. The Esquimo have a superstitious fear of killing a dog when in this condition. Besides, it is not really dangerous, for if kicked out of the way, it never renews the attack upon any human being, or else with no spirit. Some seasons a great number of these animals suffer from this painful disease.

LOOKING BACK.—We look back upon many of our actions with regret. "If I had but done differently!" is a lament continually upon our lips. But this is only when we deplore the results which we have not foreseen. If, on the other hand, we look back for self-criticisms, it must be the motive by which we were actuated that we criticise.

It may have been an act which we now think unwise or wrong, and will therefore never repeat; yet, if at the time of action we thought it to be the only right or judicious thing, we must in justice approve. Or it may have been an action that has produced good effects, in which we now rejoice; yet, if we did it against our conscience, whatever motive may have urged it, it justly deserves our condemnation.

The World's Events.

Some insects arrive at a state of maturity thirty minutes after birth.

The best briar-root, from which pipes are made, comes from France and Italy.

A fiend has invented an automatic bicycle whistle which can be heard three blocks.

Wine skins, made of the hides of pigs, goats, calves or oxen, are still used in rural Spain.

There are estimated to be 7,000,000 Hebrews in the world, about 5,000,000 of whom live in Russia.

Some of the fashions of the present century are revivals of those of the seventeenth and eighteenth.

In Concord, N. C., there is being erected a cotton mill which is to be owned, controlled and operated by negroes.

A British steamer put in at Rangoon recently the officers of which were all Germans and the apprentices all Japanese.

Of all the European countries, in only Austria and Great Britain is it the rule of the road for all travelers to keep to the left.

In the famous garden of Olives, at Jerusalem, there are eight flourishing olive trees that are known to be over 1,000 years old.

To prevent the stealing of whips from wagons a newly invented whip socket has a lock which holds a clamp around the butt of the whip.

Dairy-farming is quite unknown in great part of China, and milk is regarded with disgust by the majority of the inhabitants.

In every European country except England barrel-organs are either absolutely forbidden or their players are under severe restrictions.

It is said that the blind rarely dream of visible objects, and a mute has been observed, when dreaming, to carry on a conversation by means of his fingers.

Immense as is the value of the gold taken from the California mines since the discovery of the precious metal there, it could all be contained in a room 40 feet long, 20 feet wide and 15 feet high.

Libel once meant any little book; but as many small tracts in the early days of printing were quite personal and offensive in character, the word gradually acquired its present disagreeable significance.

A new Hampshire quarry is turning out a soapstone boot drier. It is intended especially for rubber boots. The stone is to be heated and then dropped into the boot, to be left there till the latter is dry.

So much sympathy exists between the eyes that any serious injury to the one is almost certain to affect the other, hence the injured eye has sometimes to be removed mainly for the sake of saving the sound one.

The Japanese language is said to contain 60,000 words, every one of which requires a different symbol. It is quite impossible for one man to learn the entire language, and a well-educated Japanese is familiar with only about 10,000.

The Kentucky State Horse-Swappers' convention met in Covington recently to the number of 2,000 or more. One man brought twenty-five horses and announced his intention to swap every horse three times before the convention's three days' session was over.

A recent writer on the Baconian theory says the disappearance of Shakespeare's manuscripts proves nothing. Only two or three signatures and a four line receipt of Moliere the great French writer are in existence, and he was born after Shakespeare's death.

A dance alphabet has been invented by a Russian professor, who has devoted fifty-two years of his life to teaching dancing in the Russian Imperial College. His invention consists of minute figures which represent every conceivable position the human legs can assume.

There is a tea that costs $175 a pound. It consists of the pickings of the first tips of the blossoms. Care must be taken in the picking, and nothing but the bright, golden-hued tip taken off the blossoms. The process of drying these tips is very delicate indeed.

A green turban, throughout all Islam, is a sign that the wearer is a descendant of the Prophet. Many persons who have the right to this mark of honor are now in low life, and a traveler in Constantinople or Cairo may have his baggage carried to his hotel by a genuine descendant of the founder of Mohammedanism.

Herbivorous animals do not all of them eat all of Nature's herbal menu. The horse refuses the water hemlock that the goat eats with avidity, and, on the other hand, the goat refuses some plants that are eaten by the sheep. The tobacco plant is avoided by all save the goat, man and the tobacco worm. Some botanists think that no plant is absolutely poisonous, but only relatively so, being harmful to only certain animals.

THINGS THAT CHANGE.

BY E. B.

Love, love me not because my face is fair,
And golden-hued and silky soft my hair,
Nor yet because my throat is white as snow
That falls from Heav'n when tempests blow;
Nor yet because my lips may well compare
With crimson roses or with rubies rare.
For that my ways are gay and debonair,
And that my voice is sliv'ry clear yet low,
Love, love me not!

But love me for the love I to thee bear,
That shall in shine or shadow alter ne'er.
The brightest eyes that smile will dimmer grow,
And cheeks will lose their rosy glow.
For things that change through time and pain and care,
Love, love me not!

SOME BUSY WORKERS.

The common earthworm, despised by man and heedlessly trodden under foot, fulfils a part in nature that would seem incredible but for the facts. As everyone knows, the worms live in burrows in the superficial layer of the ground. They can live anywhere in a layer of earth, provided it retains moisture, dry air being fatal to them. They can, on the other hand, exist submerged in water for several months. They live chiefly in superficial mould less than a foot below the surface, but in long-continued dry weather and in very cold seasons they may burrow to a depth of eight feet. The burrows are lined by a thin layer of earth, voided by the worms, and end in small chambers in which they can turn around.

The burrows are formed partly by pushing away the earth, but chiefly by the earth being swallowed. Large quantities of earth are swallowed by the worms for the sake of the decomposing vegetable matter contained in it, on which they feed. The earth thus swallowed is voided in spiral heaps, forming the worm castings. In this way the worm obtains food and at the same time excavates its burrows.

In addition to the food thus obtained, half-decayed leaves are dragged into the burrows, mainly for food, but also to plug the mouths of the burrows for the sake of protection. Worms are also fond of meat, especially fat; they will also eat the dead bodies of their relatives. They are nocturnal in habit, remaining as a rule in the burrows during the day and coming out to feed at night.

The leaves dragged into the burrows are moistened by a fluid secreted by the worm, of a digestive nature, and the food is thus partly digested before being swallowed.

The earthworm has no eyes, but is affected by strong light if exposed to it for some time. It has no sense of hearing, but is sensitive to the vibrations of sound. The whole body is sensitive to touch. There appears to be some sense of smell, but this is limited to certain articles of food, which are discovered by the worm when buried in earth, in preference to other bodies not relished. The worm appears to have some degree of intelligence from the way in which it draws the leaves into its burrows, always judging which is the best end to draw them in by.

As we have seen, vast quantities of earth are continually being passed through the bodies of worms and voided on the surface as castings. When it is stated that the number of worms in an acre of ordinary land, suitable for them to live in, is fifty-three thousand, we can imagine the great effect which they must have on the soil. They are, in fact, continually ploughing the land.

At one part of the alimentary canal of the worm is a gizzard, or hard muscular organ, capable of grinding food into fine particles; it is this gizzard which is the main factor in triturating the soil, and it is aided by small stones swallowed with the earth, which act as mill-stones. The earth is thus continuously passing through the mill formed by the gizzards of worms, and is reduced to fine mould. Again, from the collapsing of the old burrows the mould is in constant slow movement, and its particles rubbed together.

Fresh surfaces are thus exposed to the action of the carbonic acid in the soil and to the humus acids, agents which act in the destruction of stones and rocks. Moreover, the acids produced in the digestive tract of the worms is not at all neutralized, for the castings have an acid reaction, and this acid acts further in the disintegration of rocks.

Thus all the mould covering a field passes every few hours through the bodies of worms, and the same fragments are probably swallowed and brought to the surface many times over in the course of centuries. Changes are also produced in the slopes of hills by the flowing down of moist castings and the rolling down of dry ones, thus reducing the slope of the hills by accumulations at the bottom. The castings are also blown repeatedly in one direction by the prevalent winds.

Now as a layer of earth one-fifth of an inch thick, or ten tons by weight, has been calculated in many places to be brought annually to the surface per acre, if only a small part of this flows down every inclined surface, or is blown by the wind repeatedly in one direction, it is easy to see that a great change may be produced in the surface of the land in the course of ages.

ENTHUSIASM.—Interest may always be aroused from any pursuit of a special employment or study. But enthusiasm can be acquired only by regularity in mental application to it. Men are so constituted that by doing a thing constantly and systematically they come to love doing it. The French talk about "the courage of routine" as being produced in a soldier by mechanical pursuance of his commander's orders. There is such a thing as the happiness of routine, and this routine is just as good a guide in the use of leisure as in the use of work hours. Those who have nothing to do can find no happiness, because they will undergo no routine; while the systematic laying out of hours, more precious than can be estimated, of unbroken leisure will most certainly result in enthusiasm, which means in its derivation the absorption of the mind by something, more influence other and higher than self or self-consciousness, and the fixing of the attention continuously on something which affords a pleasure which never poisons and a satisfaction that is not succeeded by a thorn; and this is one of the highest and purest forms of happiness.

Grains of Gold.

Good words cost nothing but are worth much.

The man who is a slave to himself, has a hard master.

By bestowing blessings upon others, we entail them on ourselves.

Nothing will give a greater lustre to all your virtues than modesty.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you what they please.

Inquire about your neighbors before you build, and your companion before you travel.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature, but too many in this world act as if it were the only one.

No man ever made an ill-figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.

Since time is not a person we can overtake when he is past, let us honor him with cheerfulness of heart while he is passing.

Femininities.

Grecian women had longer feet than the average man has now.

A Turkish turban of the largest size contains from ten to twenty yards of the finest and softest muslin.

Women who wear short hair will become men in a future world—at least that is what the Chinese believe.

Women in Burmah propose to men whom they seek in marriage, and when they tire of them a divorce can be had for the asking.

The dissatisfied husband in the island of Madagascar has only to give his wife a piece of money and to say, "Madam, I thank you," in order to be divorced.

Flower glove fasteners are something new. White enamelled daisies on a foundation of silver are seen. Pansies, violets, diminutive tulips and rosebuds are used.

Father, at breakfast: How did young Snodgrass like my turning off the gas at 9 o'clock last night? Daughter, surprised: Why, papa—I—he—we didn't know that you did!

A London clergyman asserts that the overdressing of most church-goers has been a curse to Christianity, by influencing those who cannot buy good clothes to absent themselves from church.

The most valuable dresses in the world are worn by the women of Sumatra. Many are made of pure gold and silver. After the metal is mined and smelted it is formed into fine wire, which is woven into a kind of cloth.

Long years ago widows used to wear their plain gold wedding rings on their thumbs. The wedding ring is of Saxon origin, and is one of the few never-changing customs handed down for generations. It is always a plain gold band that typifies union.

She was absolutely guiltless of any naval knowledge, and he was showing her the sights at Newport. "Now, that big ship out there," said he, "is a man-of-war, and the little vessel on this side is a tug." "Then that dear little one is a tug-of-war," replied she cheerfully. "I've read so much about them."

The Japanese women envy the beautiful eyes of American women, and consequently are having their almond-shaped eyelids operated upon so that they can be opened as widely as those of the American beauties. A little cut on the outer rim of the eyelids is all that is necessary in order to obtain the transformation.

She was surprised when she heard of the engagement, and she showed it. "Why, I was quite certain you liked John better than Harry!" "Well, to tell you the truth, I did." "But you say that you're engaged to Harry?" "Yes." "I don't understand it at all." "Oh, it's quite simple! You see, Harry was the one who proposed!"

Courses of instruction in games are to be held for women teachers in Berlin and Brunswick. Each course will last a week, and is free. The object of the course is to interest women teachers in school games, to give them opportunities of practising these games, and of studying the same as carried on in the chief public schools for girls.

A New York girl who dotes on pretty slippers has adopted the sweetest little fad in connection with them. She has found that the toe of her satin or silk slipper wears out long before it should, and that there is a remedy for this matter in the adjustable slipper toe. They are easily fastened on, and are made of silver, gold and bronze. The Society girl has the adjustable toe made of gold, upon which is her monogram sparkling with her favorite stone.

There was a click of the latch-key in the front door, about 12.30 A. M., and Mr. Job Shuttle stole softly upstairs. His spouse had not yet begun to dream dreams, but was awaiting him. "Seems to me you are later than usual." "Yes, a little, my dear," said Job. "You see, I was elected K. of S. tonight." "K. of S.! What's that?" "Why, keeper of the seal, of course." "Indeed! And about how long before I'm to be elected keeper of a sealskin jacket?" A woman knows just when to pour on cold water.

Mrs. de Browne tried to get Mrs. de Jones' cook away from her, and actually went to Mrs. de Jones' house when she was out and offered the cook more money. The next time the ladies met at a dinner-party, Mrs. de Jones took no notice of Mrs. de Browne. Some one who sat between them said, "Mrs. de Jones, you know Mrs. de Browne, do you not?" "No—I believe not," said Mrs. de Jones; "she sometimes calls on my cook, I understand! Waiter, some ice."

"I want somebody to show me where to unload this coal," said the grimy-looking man at the kitchen door. "You needn't ask me about that," retorted the young woman. "I don't have anything to do with unloading coal. I'm the kitchen-lady." "I can't help that," he rejoined. "I'm the coal-gentleman and the father of three kitchen ladies, one laundry-lady, and one cash-lady, and if you don't show me where to put this coal I'll call the woman of the house." "I—I'll show you, sir," she humbly replied, leading the way to the coal-house.

Masculinities.

Never meet trouble half way; let it do all the walking.

The man at the bottom of the ladder cannot fall and hurt himself.

A man who is fond of disputing will, in time, have few friends to dispute with.

If a man tells you what he thinks of his neighbors, we can generally tell what his neighbors think of him.

"Uncle Julius, what is appreciation?" "Appreciation? Well, it is a queer old thing; something like malaria—people always get it away from home."

"Jack, dear, it isn't a bit nice of you to let such small troubles worry you so soon after our marriage." "They do seem insignificent when I think of that."

"Did you ever try the advice, 'Think before you speak'?" asked a young woman who wants to do good in the world. "Yes," replied the young man addressed. "And how did it work?" "I forgot what I was going to say."

The two sides of the face are never alike. A German biologist says that the eyes are out of line in two persons out of five; one eye is stronger than the other in seven out of ten, and the right ear is generally higher than the left.

For men who are obliged to go about much on foot during cold, wet weather, the felt inner-sole is preferable to the cork; not that it is more nearly waterproof, but that it keeps the feet warmer and gives greater comfort. Woollen rests for the soles of the feet are preventives of colds.

At Cotta, in Saxony, persons who did not pay their taxes last year are published in a list which hangs up in all restaurants and saloons of the city. Those that are on the list can get neither meat nor drink at at these places, under penalty of loss of licence.

A Quaker told a young man just married: "Friend, thou art now at the end of all thy troubles." The bride turned out to be a vixen, and in a week the young man came back with the upbraiding remark, "I thought you told me I was at the end of my troubles?" "So I did, friend, but I did not say which end."

Dabsley: "Well, I suppose your son will soon begin his last year in college?" Parks: "No, he isn't going back this fall." Dabsley: "O, that's too bad. He ought to go through, now that he's got along to the last year. What's the matter?" Parks: "Why, didn't you know that he had had a fever and that his hair had all come out?"

They are very jealous of their family name in Japan. Thus the custom of adoption is universal there. A person who has no male issue adopts a son, and if he has a daughter, often gives her to him in marriage. A youth, or even a child, who may be the head of a family often adopts, on the point of dying, a son sometimes older than himself to succeed him.

A characteristic story is told of a man and his wife who live very methodically. One evening at exactly nine o'clock, they went to the kitchen to make the final preparations for the night. "Martha," said the husband after a few moments, "have you wiped the sink dry yet?" "Yes, Josiah," she replied, "Why do you ask?" "Well," he answered, "I did want a little water to drink, but it really doesn't matter—I think I can get along till the morning."

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Skirts are still clinging about the hips and slightly trained; there are, however, some innovations, among which the following is one of the most successful. It is the skirt moulding the hips, but very much enlarged lower down, and trimmed with four or five flounces, not regularly superposed, but put on according to fancy, in scallops, vandykes, or sloping lines.

Strips of insertion, bias-bands, and embroidered galloons are also put on in these and still more fanciful patterns, and often outlined with very narrow frilling, or in case of dressy toilets with slightly gathered lace.

For a printed delaine dress, you can have either flounces with corded heading or strips of fancy galloon matching the ground, and edged with a one-inch frilling of the material.

Should you select a plain blue delaine or serge dress, you might have it trimmed with bias bands of the material piped on each side with white, or if you prefer it with a darker shade of blue.

Lace insertion, black, ochre, or white looks best on fine cashmere or silk dresses.

Of course, the trimming of the skirt must be more or less repeated on the bodice, but here we have a good deal more variety.

For a delaine dress, trimmed with braid and frillings, there is shown a bodice in the shape of a very unique jacket, something between an Eton and a bolero, cut at right angles at the waist, slightly open at the throat with pointed revers, and fastened across the front with tabs and buttons.

This jacket was striped across all over, sleeves included, with strips of braid; the frilling appeared only round the revers and wrists. The tabs are, of course, edged with braid. The same pattern, with narrow violet satin ribbon instead of braid over pearl-gray cashmere, is beautifully effective for an afternoon dress.

Another new style of bodice is a sort of plain blouse double breasted, with a double berthe not coming down beyond the shoulders, and finished with a tudor collar. The only trimming on this bodice is a double row of fancy galloon on each side of the front, with a row of dainty little mixed steel and silver buttons down the middle. The skirt was trimmed with galloon and a groiot fringe matching the buttons.

Very pretty trimmings are composed of fine kiltings of ribbon about two inches wide. Thus on a dress of beige cachemirette were seen kiltings of mordore ribbon put on four rows deep so as to simulate a small bolero and rounded epaulettes. The skirt was trimmed with bias bands of its own material, piped with mordore satin.

Plush is again in vogue. The nap is short and very thick. Embroidered white plush is used for trimming on cloth suits and jackets. A tailor-made costume of navy blue cloth has a plain skirt cut in close habit-like fashion. The jacket-blouse fits the figure in the back and on the sides, and it is cut with a round skirt, only a few inches deep.

The jacket has a high Medici collar and meets under the chin, being held by elaborate black frogs. About three inches below is a second pair of frogs, and the ruffle of lace that lines the collar appears as a full jabot under them.

Each side of the jacket is cut to fall in two narrow, loose, pointed tabs from the bust to the waistline. These are embroidered with black braid. A good deal of the waistcoat shows. It fits the figure, fastening with a row of small gold buttons, and is slightly longer than the jacket at the sides. It is made of white plush and ornamented by an embroidery of fine gold braid and jet beads. The effect of the suit is quiet and distinguished.

Plush is used for the foundations of hats and toques. It is less common than velvet, for two-thirds of the autumn hats are made of velvet. Felt is reserved for the morning, or to top a businesslike costume, and is usually trimmed with cocks' plumes and one large, oddly shaped rosette of bright velvet, orange, or Mazarin blue being preferred.

A pretty winter house dress is cut with the skirt a trifle under four meters around, with godets behind. The material is royal purple cashmere satin, the color being lovely in this soft, glossy material. The two side front seams and the two in the back are trimmed near the top by six small straps of white velvet, held by buttons of cut steel. The bodice is a loose Russian blouse, with belt and deep revers of white velvet trimmed with steel embroidery, and a tiny chemisette of pale pink mousseline de soie arranged in clusters of shirring. The sleeves, which are rather close over the middle of the arm, flare out at the wrist, showing a dear little shirred under-sleeve of mousseline de soie.

Of afternoon and indoor dresses one there was of printed delaine, a fanciful mixed pattern in purple and rose color over a pale buff ground. There is a small yoke in front only, square at the top and rounded off from the shoulders; the dress, which is cut all in one piece, is gathered on this yoke and to a narrow band at the back with a small heading; it is finished with a high Sarah Bernhardt collar, edged with a frilling of white chiffon.

The tight mitten sleeves have a similar frilling around the wrist, and small puff at the top. The same shape was also in a fancy blue and puff coral pattern, with a short bolero of buff guipure lined with blue, edged round with a tiny ruche of blue ribbon. It was worn with a full cravat of white tulle. This loose shape is suitable for young ladies as well as young matrons for a matinee or breakfast toilet.

A more elegant style is a dress of old pink delaine made Princess fashion at the back, and opening over a loose front of cream-white delaine printed in a small Pompadour pattern of rosebuds. The Princess dress is finished with a deep turned down collarette of cream lace, which is continued all the way down in a quilling on either side. The loose front is gathered on to a square lace yoke, lined with white silk. The sleeves are puffed and finished at the elbow with a deep fall of white lace. This last is more suitable for a young married lady than for a girl.

For the afternoon a pretty bodice may be worn with a dress of a different material. One of the prettiest is of silk plaid, in soft shades of mauve and straw color. The bodice is cut plain, with just a few gathers at the waist, it is trimmed across the chest with a frilling of the material edged with lace insertion, and put on with a heading of the same. The upper part of the bodice is striped across with insertion up to the shoulder. The collar is of draped mauve silk, with frilling of a white chiffon. The sleeves have two small bouffants at the top, and are trimmed in the lower part with strips of insertion, and frilling of white chiffon round the wrists.

The skirt worn with this bodice was of aubergine cachemirette, much gored and quite plain in front and over the hips, with a few deep pleats at the back, but commencing only about one third down the skirt. The trimming consisted of bias bands of the material, edged on either side with a thick satin piping. Two were put on near the top, and two near the foot of the skirt.

Flounces are also put on in this way on fashionable skirts. Thus a dress of green and white china foulard is trimmed with pinked out flounces, put on with quilled headings, one near the top, and two near the foot.

These trimmings are not put on in circles, but much higher at the back, and sloping down at the sides to form an oval in front. This is the fashionable way of trimming skirts, whether with flounces, frillings, ruches, galloons, bias-bands, or insertion.

The bodice of the dress had an indented yoke formed of narrow tucks, and edged with a drapery of gauffered white crape, which was finished down the left side into a quilling coming down to the waist. The tight sleeves were trimmed at the top with alternate frillings of pinked out silk and gauffered crape. The collar and belt were of black satin. A dress of any pretty fancy material could be trimmed in the same way.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Hints.—When sweeping a floor with a short broom be careful to keep the mouth shut so as not to inhale the dust, and to sweep away from and not toward, always using damp tea leaves for carpets.

All fruit should be washed or at least wiped before it is cooked or eaten raw; especially any that has been exposed outside a shop or on a barrow.

[]Many people have a prejudice against tinned meats. This is a pity, as they are very useful and generally very wholesome, but one cannot exercise too much care in their choice. Only the best brands of well-known firms should be bought, and no tin should be taken which has any deep dent or bubble in it, as this shows that air has got into it which has made it unfit for food. It is well also to avoid eating the jelly which is on the top of the meat when the tin is opened, and the meat should never be left in the tin, but turned out at once. This also applies to tinned fruit.

Jet ornaments on millinery or dress trimmings can be much improved in appearance by taking them off and washing them in cold water and ammonia—left to dry and then replaced on the dress or bonnet.

When making a vegetable and meat stew, be sure to put a layer of vegetables below the meat as well as above it. This prevents the meat from boiling hard and gives a much better flavor.

Raisins in cakes and puddings should always be cut or they are apt to turn sour in the cooking.

Cheese and Egg Sandwich.—Slice a dozen hard-boiled eggs. Put a layer of eggs in a salad dish, and grate on a thick covering of cheese, then another layer of eggs, alternating with cheese, until the eggs are used. Sprinkle over the top finely-chopped pickle, and pour over all mayonnaise sauce, and again cover with grated cheese.

To Clean Cut Glass.—Having washed cut glass articles, let them thoroughly dry, and afterwards rub them with prepared chalk and a soft brush, carefully going into all the flutings and cavities.

Water Bugs.—Powdered [illegible] and equal parts of pulverized sugar will rid any house of water bugs. They will not eat the borax alone, but with sugar they will, and either die or leave, if it is scattered about.

To Clean Leather.—Leather bags and such articles can be cleaned by washing over with the white of egg.

Bronzed chandeliers, lamps, etc., should be merely dusted with a feather brush, or with a soft cloth, as washing them will take off the bronzing.

To Clean Straw Hats.—Rub them with a fresh lemon cut in a half, then wipe the hat carefully with a sponge dipped in cold water, and dry in the sun.

To Clean White Felt Hats.—Rub powdered magnesia or arrowroot on the felt, rub it carefully on with a toothbrush. This removes marks of rain or dirt; then rub on the same mixed with a little cold water, but not too thick; continue rubbing in with a soft brush until the hat is quite white, then hang it up to dry in the sun.

Sponges.—When sponges after long use have got slimy, do not attempt to squeeze them dry, or they will tear: put a little ammonia into a large basin of boiling water, and soak the sponge for an hour or two; rinse it in clean water, squeeze it out and place it in the sun to dry, when it will be as fresh and elastic as new. The amount of ammonia can be increased according to the size and condition of the sponge.

Vermicelli Soup.—Put three lb of knuckle of veal into a saucepan with three quarts of water, boil for three and one-half hours, then strain, and add to it a cupful of vermicelli, which has been previously boiled in water for twenty minutes; add salt and pepper to taste, boil up, turn into a tureen, and serve with a plate of grated Parmesan cheese.

Scolloped Beef. Chop cold roast beef fine and put it in layers with nicely seasoned tomato sauce and bread crumbs, having crumbs on top with bits of butter; bake about twenty minutes, or until heated through well and the crumbs browned.

Savory Rice.—Cook one cup of rice in fast-boiling, salted water, and when half-cooked drain off the water and replace with good, strong stock of milk; cook until quite soft, then season with salt and pepper, and add about half a cup of freshly grated cheese; take off the fire, stir into it one egg beaten to a foam; pour into a buttered pie dish, grate a little cheese over the top, and brown in the oven.

Scolloped Oysters.—Drain the liquor from your oysters and save it; butter a pudding dish and spread a layer of fine bread crumbs on the bottom; dot with small pieces of butter, and sprinkle over them a little salt and pepper, then another layer of oysters; add a cup of milk to your oyster juice and pour a little over the oysters; continue the layers until the oysters are used up; put double the quantity of crumbs on the top, and moisten well with the juice and pieces of butter; bake in a hot oven.

Fried Muffins.—One cup of milk, scalded, one-half scant teaspoonful butter, one egg, one-quarter cup of yeast, flour to make a stiff drop batter; scald the milk and melt in it the salt, sugar and butter; when cool add the beaten egg and yeast, then add flour gradually, beating it until you can beat it no longer; rise overnight; in the morning take up a spoonful without stirring and drop it into deep fat.

Apple Cake.—Boil one pound of sugar in one small breakfast cup water for ten minutes, then put in two pounds of apples peeled and sliced and the rind and juice of a lemon, the rind grated; let it all boil till it feels stiff, taking care it does not burn; pour into a wet mould and it will turn out next day. White sugar, fine, is best for cakes, but it should be fine and not at all hard.

Brown Sponge Cake.—Four eggs, half-pound sugar, half-pound flour, half-teaspoonful nutmeg, one teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful carbonate of soda, half-teaspoonful cinnamon, one tablespoonful milk. Beat the yolks and sugar together for ten minutes till quite light, add all the spices, then beat the whites of the eggs up very stiffly and stir them in, then add the flour and mix. Last, mix the soda and milk together and stir them in. Pour into a greased and floured cake tin and bake about half an hour.

To Cook Cabbage Daintily.—There are few vegetables more delicious than a cabbage cooked in cream sauce. Take a medium-sized fresh head of white cabbage and cut it into quarters, after removing the outer green leaves. Cut out the stem from the head and throw the cabbage into a kettle of boiling water. Let it cook for ten minutes; then remove it with a skimmer and put it into cold water to cook. When the cabbage is cold, chop it fine, season it with salt and pepper, and add two large tablespoonfuls of butter, mixed with an even tablespoonful of flour and a pint of milk. Let the cabbage simmer slowly for three-quarters of an hour, and then serve.

An Old Virginia Recipe.—A Correspondent recounts how the remnants of cold meat are utilized in old Virginia style: Chop very fine any fresh cold meat you happen to have with a little bacon or ham and add to it salt, cayenne pepper, nutmeg, and parsley to taste, with a small onion, a few bread crumbs, and two eggs for each pound of meat. Put all into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of cream and two ounces of butter. Stir over the fire for five minutes and, when cold, put it into light paste in the form of patties or bake in a baking dish.

Bread for making fried croutons for various savories can be cut from small pieces. A very favorite breakfast dish is made by spreading anchovy paste upon nicely fried bread, seasoning it with a very small sprinkling of cayenne pepper and serve it as hot as possible. Many persons like to have fried bread as an accompaniment to sausages or ham and eggs at breakfast.

A Minister's Wife and a Church Debt

A minister's wife in Buffalo writes: "Our church was encumbered with a mortgage. The Ladies' Home Journal seemed to offer a chance to accomplish something for the work, and I took the matter to the Ladies' Aid Society. I proposed that each member should enter her subscription, and try to secure other names. My plan was received enthusiastically. In addition to our own members we obtained subscriptions from many not connected with the church. Everywhere we went we talked Journal and church mortgage. Soon we had subscriptions enough to reduce the mortgage considerably, and with very little work."

What this one woman did, thousands can do for their church or for themselves. Write to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
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WITH THE PAST.

BY E. S.

March brings the yellow daffodil
Robed in saffron gown,
The gorse-gold for the breezy hill,
Green spears for fallows brown.
And April brings the primrose sweet,
The cowslip fair and vain,
The harebell blue, the swallow fleet,
Once more across the main.

And June brings roses pied and red
For ev'ry lawn and lea,
And skies without a cloud o'erhead
Where larks sing rapturously.
And Autumn brings the golden days
When wheat and barley fall,
When oak-leaves burn and beeches blaze,
And love-lorn cushats call.

And Winter brings the jewelled rime,
The snow-wreaths pure and white,
The carols of the Christmas time,
The Yule-log's cheery light.
But not the Springtide fresh and green,
Nor yet the Summer's reign,
Not Autumn calm, nor Winter keen
Brings youthful days again.

Lottie's Escape.

BY T. F. C.

THE little town of Bolsover, one of the sleepiest and quietest in quiet, sleepy Rutland, was wide awake, full of life and gaiety during one week of the year, when it roused from its customary tranquil quietude, and gave itself up to such dissipated revels as served to form a subject of conversation for the rest of the twelve months.

The occasion for so much jollity was always the same—the annual training of that gallant local corps of militia, "the Bolsover Light Bobs," as they were affectionately dubbed.

This year the festivities were to be of a much grander character than had been known for many a long day, for the gallant heroes had determined to give a ball at the Assembly Rooms, to which every personable damsel within a circle of a dozen miles was bidden.

High or low, rich or poor, mattered not. The invitations were scattered broadcast, for the occasion was seized to celebrate the golden wedding of the grey-headed genial old colonel of the "Bolsover Hussars," Roxley, and the whole country was on the qui vive to do him honor.

The very humblest were remembered, for Bolsover Town Hall was capacious enough to contain an almost unlimited number of guests, and among those thrown into a flutter of delight by the receipt of the prettily tinted sheet of note paper containing the invitation was pretty Lottie Vane, who ran with it to her mistress in a perfect flutter of delight.

"A ball, indeed!" said Mrs. Cox scurly. "What business has a girl like you with balls? I think you must have been crazy to expect it."

Old Farmer Cox had been a bed-ridden old invalid for twenty years, and his hard-faced daughter-in-law had never yet found anyone who ministered to his necessities and suited his needs like Lottie Vane.

Her fingers were as soft as velvet, her step lighter than the flutter of a bird's wing, and her pleasant voice was like music in the old man's fast deafening ears.

"I don't suppose the old man is going to live forever," said Mrs. Cox ungraciously. "But he has property, and as long as he does live he must be taken care of, and Lottie is a born sick nurse; and she needs a home, and it's very charitable of me to give her ten dollars a month and her board for the little she does."

It was a bright May afternoon and the sun was shining brilliantly over an expanse of sylvan scenery, and soft breezes rustling the leaves of the forest trees.

And Daisy Heathcote had been up to see Lottie Vane and had told her that there was to be a band up from town to play at the ball.

"And Luke Brandon is to be there," said Daisy with a wise little nod of her head, "and he says he shall expect to dance the first quadrille with you."

"With me!" said Lottie, turning red and white, while a shy smile brightened the corners of her lips. "Oh, it will be quite impossible for me to be there."

"And why impossible?" asked Daisy. "You are a great deal too young to be shut away from all this world's galeties as if you were a nun. Why shouldn't you have a bit of pleasure once in a while? And I know Luke won't care two straws for the ball if you are not there. Surely that old cat Cox will let you go if you ask her."

"I don't believe it," said Lottie, shaking her golden head.

"At all events you can but try," said Daisy.

And accordingly Lottie had tried and made a signal failure.

"I didn't engage you to go to balls," Mrs. Cox had said; "and father needs you, and if you have any leisure time you can employ it hemming up those sheets."

So Lottie Vane had gone upstairs with the tears shining in her eyes, and a red stain on either cheek.

Poor old Farmer Cox saw that something was wrong, and patted Lottie's hand kindly as she gave him his gruel.

He could not speak to ask what the trouble was, but he made some inarticulate sound in his throat, which she was able to interpret into the sympathy it meant.

"It is nothing, sir," said Lottie. "The—the toothache; I shall be better soon."

And then the old man fell fast asleep in the bland beams of the May sunshine, and with his slippered feet wrapped in hot flannel, and his old hands crossed serenely on his breast. So it was that he passed most of his time.

And as Lottie looked at him the idea came into her head whether he would miss her if she stole away from him for an hour or two, late in the evening after he had fallen asleep.

Between nine and twelve, surely—surely she could manage to get to that coveted ball, and dance the delicious quadrille with Luke Brandon. Daisy Heathcote would lend her a white dress, and it would be such a delightful variation to the monotony of her daily life! And even if Farmer Cox discovered her defection, he could not speak to tell anyone of it.

"I will go!" said Lottie to herself; "in spite of that cross old Mrs. Cox."

And she sat down and wrote a note to Daisy Heathcote, which she contrived to dispatch by the hand of a little schoolboy, who was coming past the door with his bag of books on his shoulder.

"Now, Johnnie, be sure to give it to her," said Lottie, as she slipped a penny into the boy's hand.

Johnnie nodded.

"I'll be sure," he said with a smile.

But as the afternoon crept on the invalid developed unusual signs of being especially wide awake.

"Oh, dear!" said Lottie to herself. "Why don't he go to sleep as usual?"

Just then her eyes fell on the little bottle labelled "Laudanum" on the mantelpiece.

"I was to give him twenty drops in a little water if the neuralgic pain came on," thought she.

She took down the phial and glanced cautiously at it.

"There's scarcely twenty drops here," she thought. "There can be no possible danger of an overdose."

Farmer Cox took his medicine with the docility of a lamb, as he always took everything from Lottie, and her conscience stung her as she met the wistful glance of his faded hazel eyes; but she patted his hand, smoothed the bedclothes and drew down the blind with a smile.

"Now go to sleep, there's a dear," said Lottie.

And sooner than she had dared to hope the old man sank serenely into the moveless slumber of old age—lying there like some yellow statue, with silver hair parted smoothly on his brow.

Quickly Lottie Vane moved about the room curling her golden tresses, wrapping lace, gloves, and ribbons in a snug parcel, until finally she darkened the light, gave one last glance round the apartment, and stole downstairs the back way with glowing cheeks and a heart that beat with strange, uneven jerks.

Her first ball! Alas, why was it that Lottie Vane enjoyed it so little? Overhead the clusters of lights winked and glimmered through garlands of artificial roses; below, the well-waxed floor creaked under the feet of the many dancers.

Luke Brandon declared that she looked like a white rosebud, and had apparently eyes and ears for no one else; and yet Lottie was not happy.

At length, as she was sitting down after a prolonged waltz, Doctor Brown, dressed in the gay uniform of the corps of which he was surgeon, came up to her.

"Ah, my little girl, you here?" said he. "I'm glad of it. I wanted to speak to you about the strong aconite liniment for Mr. Cox's shoulder. I put it into the little laudanum bottle, and through some oversight I forgot to change the labels. Be very careful how you let anyone touch it but yourself, for it is a deadly poison, and—Yes, yes, Neil, I'm coming."

And beckoned away by his daughter, the doctor disappeared into the crowd, while Lottie sat there pale and horrified, like a stone.

Aconite—a deadly poison! And she had administered twenty drops to the poor, helpless old man.

When Luke Brandon came back with the glass of lemonade Lottie had sent him for, his partner's seat was empty—she was gone.

Sometimes she ran until her breath failed her; sometimes she hurried along, wildly wringing her hands and looking up to the calm concave of the night sky, as if for help or counsel. But at last she reached the farmhouse, and looking up saw lights in the peaceful wing where the bedridden old man was.

"The whole household is up," she said to herself, with a pang of keen remorse; "for he is dying, and I have killed him!"

And with footsteps that seemed weighted with lead she crept up the back staircase that she descended so lightly, and softly opened the door.

There lay Mr. Cox on the bed just as she had left him, and Becky the housemaid was yawning in the big chair beside the bed, with a newspaper in her lap.

Lottie turned instinctively to the wooden mantel where the phial stood. It was full—full to the very cork.

The fatal poison had been put in since, not before, she administered the sleeping draught to her helpless patient; and falling on her knees at his bedside, Lottie Vane buried her face in her hands, and breathed out the devoutest thanksgiving to heaven that had ever passed her lips.

Farmer Cox woke up as bright and well as ever the next day. And Lottie Vane's first ball was her last.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

"As happy as a king" is a saying which aptly illustrates the popular idea of the enviable position formerly occupied by royalty. Once upon a time kings could do no wrong. Governing with delightful, despotic irresponsibility, they found no caprice too costly or too cruel for their gratification.

But we have changed all this. The position of emperor, king, or queen is becoming decidedly irksome. Many monarchs only consent to occupy their thrones from a strong sense of duty. Several have resigned, realized their property, and sought solace for their sorrows in Paris, Italy, or elsewhere.

Thrones are frequently seen going a-begging. The Spanish crown was hawked about until it was accepted by an Italian prince, who, after wearing it for about two years, abdicated and fled from Madrid in disgust.

The crown of Greece was offered to several princes before it was accepted by the present king, who has since yearned to turn it over to his son, so heavy has he found the burden, so sharp its thorns.

Monarchs are selected as targets by all the anarchists, nihilists, religious maniacs, and other cranks, whose imaginary grievances have turned their brains. During the present century twenty rulers: czars, sultans, queens, and presidents have been assassinated. Most reigning sovereigns have been shot at several times. Thus in their movements they are constantly "shadowed" by detectives whose presence is not always agreeable.

Victims of a fatiguing etiquette, pampered captives in a gilded prison, these scions of royalty must subordinate their most cherished affections even their religion to "reasons of State." The luxury of a love match is seldom possible.

The "fierce light which beats upon a throne" has become intensified since the inauguration of the keyhole system of journalism. The evil has become almost intolerable. Nothing is sacred to the "society" paragraphist. Hidden secrets are revealed—or invented—the most malignant rumors are circulated.

The most powerful monarchs are not exempt from those family and personal troubles which embitter the lives of ordinary people. Their standard of health is not high; owing, perhaps, to the restricted choice in marriage, mental diseases are somewhat prevalent among royal families, notably that of Bavaria.

The Queen of England, during her long reign, has born a burden of grief and performed a sum of labor which would have crushed any woman endowed with a weaker will and not sustained by a conscientious determination to do her duty to the death.

Stricken in her affections as a wife and as a mother disappointed in her dearest hopes, she has yet courageously suppressed personal feeling in order to carry on the business of the State. "Nerves" are to her unknown—she has no time for such luxuries.

On the day that Britain was mourning the loss of Prince Henry of Battenberg her Majesty, although overwhelmed with grief, transacted the amount of business that fell to her lot daily—ill or well.

Royal personages have often suffered from the carelessness of servants or the baleful effects of a too rigorous educational system. The injury to the German Emperor's arm was caused by a careless nursemaid, who let him fall. The unsatisfactory state of the Kaiser's health is attributed to the manner in which he was educated.

In his early childhood he had a tutor, a captain in the Guards, who applied to him the principle on which he had trained his recruits: "Bend or break." The young Prince was made to rise at 5.30 A. M. every day, and to commence immediately a course of gymnastic exercises and abstruse studies too advanced for a mere child.

To this Spartan treatment is attributed that nervous, restless, excitable temperament which has led the Emperor to astonish the world by so many pyrotechnic displays—rhetorical, diplomatic, and telegraphic.

Again, what more tragical than the record of the Empress Eugenie's life? During long years she was the spoilt darling of fortune; for her the triumphs of imperial power, personal beauty and fascination, which attracted universal admiration. Admired and courted by the proudest monarchs of Europe, she was the fountain of all honors, the medium of all favors. Her life was a constant round of pleasure.

Suddenly her star paled. Successively she witnessed the rout of the Imperial armies, the downfall of the Empire, the captivity of the Emperor. She, the Regent of France, fled from her palace at the peril of her life, dethroned, execrated by a fickle people.

Succeeding years robbed her of her husband, her only child, her most faithful friends. She was exiled from the land over which she formerly ruled. Once she was threatened with arrest in the very gardens of the Tuileries—the scene of her former triumphs.

Her later years have been spent in a melancholy retrospect of the past. In her home at Farnborough are the gorgeous monuments of her grief. Solitary, isolated from the world, absorbed by the souvenirs of her ancient grandeur, she inspires us all with a feeling of profound pity.

Finally, there is the Czar of Russia. Physically weak, nervous in temperament, endowed with none of those qualities of will or that lust of power which enable rulers to take a pleasurable pride in the work of government, he appears to be literally crushed by the overwhelming weight of his responsibilities. What could be more pathetic, more affecting, than that scene in the Council Chamber, when, tormented by the rival claims of interested advisers, he completely broke down, burst into tears, and exclaimed:—

"Do what you will; I am powerless!"

The conditions under which he lives—the constant apprehension of danger, the presence of spies and detectives wherever he goes, the jealousy of rival ministers—all these things, reacting on a naturally weak constitution, deprive him of that peace of mind without which all his splendid surroundings are but a bitter mockery.

A sad commentary on the splendors of a despotic throne was furnished at the close of one of those annual visits to Denmark, which formed a welcome break in the late Czar's existence. He was saying good-bye to his favorite nieces, the daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

"Good bye, my dears," said he sadly, as he kissed them; "you are going back to your happy English home, and I to my Russian prison."

Stockings were first worn in the eleventh century. Before that, cloth bandages were used on the feet.

Humorous.

THE WAY TO PROPOSE.

Tell her that she is like the moon
(You mean that she will change as soon);
Say, "Dark would be the night without her"
(In spite of satellites about her);
Vow that she is just like a rose
(A simile that always "goes");
Say that you court her for herself
(But keep your eyes upon the pelf),
Quote all the poets that you know
(And bring in "love and Cupid's bow");
"You never saw a waist so slender"
(A ticklish subject—don't offend her);
And, if she will not have you then,
Why—change your girl, and try again!

Non-union men—Old bachelors.

Dogs of high degree—Skye terriers.

A drop of water—The Falls of Niagara.

Paregoric—The crying need of the midnight hour.

Undertaker—A man who follows the medical profession.

How to avoid drowning—always keep your head above water.

What is that which belongs to yourself, yet is used by everybody more than yourself?—Your name.

The kind of locksmithing that can be done in the shortest possible time—Making a bolt for the door.

Why is a monopoly a good deal like a baby?—Because a man is generally opposed to it on principle until he has one of his own.

A woman is never known to advertise for the return of stolen property "and no questions asked." She would ask questions or die.

The indictments against the man who threw a light upon a subject, and the girl who kindled a flame in her lover's breast, have been ignored.

"Papa, why do they call language the mother-tongue?"

"Because the father so seldom gets a chance to use it."

Maude: "Was Mabel offended when you called on her with your face unshaven?"

Claude: "Yes; she said she felt it very much."

Elsie: "My husband is very hard to please."

Louise: "He must have changed considerably since he married you."

"Why do you sign your name 'J. John B. B. Brownson?'" asked Green.

"Because it is my name," said Brownson. "I was christened by a parson who stuttered."

She, romantically: "Men never do brave deeds nowadays to show their love for women."

He: "They don't, eh? Don't they marry them?"

Theatrical manager: "What—going already, dear boy? Why, there are two more acts to come."

Friend: "Exactly! That's just why I'm going."

Salesman: "This necklace was made from diamonds taken from an old algrette, and—"

Curious Buyer: "Excuse me, but I always like to know the history of my jewels. What did they take them away from her for?"

"I have half a mind to get married," said the lonely man.

"It takes," said the savage bachelor, "just about that amount of mind to think of such a thing."

"Didn't your brother forget his lines at the amateur theatricals last evening?"

"No—he only got them mixed a little. Instead of saying, 'I hear the tramp of approaching footsteps,' he said, 'I hear the footsteps of approaching tramps.'"

"If I had known," sobbed young Mrs. Fitz, "that you would be such a brute to poor Fido, I would never have married you."

"My dear," replied Mr. Fitz, "the anticipation of kicking that miserable little beast was one of my chief reasons for proposing to you."

Major Bluegrass: "When Gov. Jones said to Gov. Smith that it was 'a long time between drinks,' jest how long do yo' suppose he meant, suh?"

Major Pepper: "There is really no tellin' of that, suh; any time is a long time, when it is between drinks, suh!"

Spencer: "What is the cause of Ponderly's illness? I hear he is laid up with nervous prostration."

Ferguson: "Yes. The result of a mental accident."

Spencer: "A mental accident?"

Ferguson: "Yes; a collision between two trains of thought."

A youthful bride, on some friend presenting her with a sheep, ordered leg of mutton for dinner two nights running. On the morning of the third day she said she would have another leg, silencing the remonstrances of the cook by remarking, "I may be a very young housekeeper, but I do know that a sheep has four legs!"

First whitecap: "Here's a letter from the wife of the man we lynched last night."

Second whitecap: "You don't say so!"

First whitecap: "Yes; she says she likes our style of doing things very much, and asks it we'd mind dropping up some evening this week to hang a few pictures for her."

WITH BRIGHT IDEAS.

One of our greatest difficulties, remarked the superintendent of a large county lunatic asylum the other day, is to find employment for our patients. Many are, of course, engaged in the work of the asylum—in the bakery, laundry or workshop—each according to his or her individual capability.

Some, however, are not suited to these employments, while there are others, and this is a somewhat numerous class, who cannot be induced to perform any task, however slight, which may be given them.

And therein lies our anxiety, for one of the greatest aids to recovery in cases of mental disease is to keep the patient fully occupied. Some there are, however, who, when left to their own devices, take up an occupation as a hobby, with great advantage to themselves and not unfrequently considerable profit to their relatives, as the following incidents show.

One of our patients makes it a practice to importune all with whom he comes in contact, whether doctors or visitors, for coins. These he fashions, with marvelous dexterity into exquisite profile portraits of celebrities.

They are executed with the sole aid of a small file, and when finished are sent to his wife, who is always able to dispose of them.

One of the most curious facts in connection with lunacy is, that in a large number of cases, when people become insane their disposition and habits seem to undergo an entire revolution. We have at present among our inmates a man who went out of his mind through shock and injuries received in a street accident.

Prior to this unfortunate occurrence he had held a very prominent religious position. Since he has been here you may be somewhat surprised to learn that during his calmer intervals, he is busily engaged in writing novels of the most blood-curdling type.

I can recall a parallel instance where an artist engaged in drawing out designs for stained glass windows had the misfortune to be confined in a private lunatic asylum. Whilst there he imagined that he was a special artist sent to depict the sights of a large ball, the dancers being represented by fellow-inmates.

Every available moment was occupied in transferring to paper the various antics and airs of the different lunatics. These sketches, many of which were irresistibly funny and admirably executed, were, on completion, taken charge of by one of the doctors and sent by him to an artist engaged in comic journalism, who always purchased them at a fair price, so many humorous ideas did he draw from them.

To be incarcerated in an asylum for twelve months can scarcely be termed a subject for congratulation, yet it is to this that a certain wealthy manufacturer owes his success in life.

In his youth he was engaged in engineering, but lost his situation through unsteady conduct. After his dismissal his downfall was rapid, and repeated attacks of delirium tremens resulted in his being taken to the local asylum.

Whilst there he used to be seized with violent paroxysms of madness which were succeeded by perfectly sane intervals, during which his faculties were abnormally acute. It was during one of these intervals that the idea of the invention which subsequently made him famous occurred to him.

Under proper treatment he speedily recovered, and on being set at liberty about a year afterwards he took his drawing to the gentleman who has since been associated with him in connection with the invention.

This is not by any means an isolated incident. In many asylums valuable improvements in connection with the machinery in the bake-houses and laundries have been the result of suggestions made by quick-witted lunatics.

A good many years ago one of the northern county asylums had for an inmate a man who imagined himself to be Robinson Crusoe. He was a perfectly harmless individual, and as such was allowed to roam with perfect freedom through the adjoining grounds and woods, and had thus ample facilities for collecting the heather, twigs and other material with which he built a wooden hut of the traditional Crusoe shape.

The substantial nature of the structure may be gauged from the fact that, after some twenty years' exposure to the weather, it is yet in a fairly good state of preservation, and is still in use as a summer-house.

In the same institution there is a very peculiar character who is always on the look-out for used matches, pins and scraps of string. With these unpromising materials he makes the most ingenious little toys, which he sells to the visitors.

One of these trifles came under the notice of a large manufacturer of similar articles who was so struck with its novelty that he patented it, and since then many thousands have been sold by the fakirs of the country. It should, however, in justice to the gentleman in question, be added that he pays a handsome royalty to the relatives of this inventive lunatic.

PLEASANT AND INEXPENSIVE.—In Denmark there is a curious system of exchanging children during the summer.

The country people send their little ones to the city people, and the latter send theirs to the country. The State delivers free tickets, and the schools send the children according to the applications from families.

The children travel alone, each one wearing a ticket of identification pinned on the jacket or bodice.

Should any of them go astray they are lodged at the first station whilst inquiries are made. The young travelers are met at their destination by the peasants and their wives.

Treated with affectionate care by these good-hearted people, the children often enjoy privileges they have never known at home. There is no severe discipline, no irksome restraint.

They return home full of tales about their adventures, and their mothers are delighted to find them looking rosy-cheeked, fat and healthy. The peasant women feed them well and often make them fresh clothing.

The latter send their own children into the towns, and volunteer guides show them the monuments and sights. Last year the principal restaurant-keepers of Copenhagen gave them a series of feasts, and organized little dancing parties for their amusement.

Both categories of children benefit by this mode of exchange, which, it may be noted, is conducted on inexpensive lines.

AS TO READING.—We read books and papers too little as friends; we use them too much as tools. The same book or paper cannot well be both—certainly not at the same time. You cannot go to it for useful service and friendly converse at the same reading.

Your doctor may be your best friend, but consultation over a headache and friendly converse are not the same. Every man ought to have time to take up a book in a receptive mood and listen to its message.

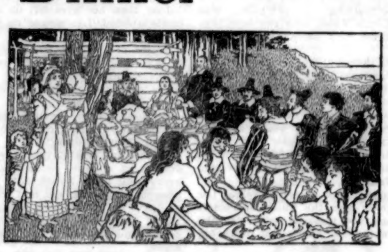
The most fruitful reading is meditative reading. What a book will be to you will depend upon what you are to the book—that is, upon your mood. Some persons read books as men ride across country when hunting; the only object is to get in at the death in the shortest possible time.

Some persons read books as they go to market; they know what they want to get and go to the book or to the library to get it. This is the way professional men read their professional books. Some men read books by stint—so many pages a day—and give themselves a good mark when the task is done.

The most fruitful reading is that which seems to take the least out of the book, and which stimulates the most in the reader. He who can tell what he has read does very well, but he who can tell what he has thought does better. He who can give an account of the author's thoughts is a scholar; he who can give account of his own thoughts is a thinker.

"HE knows not his own strength who hath not met necessity.

The First Thanksgiving Dinner



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